Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 26, 1970 50 CENTS

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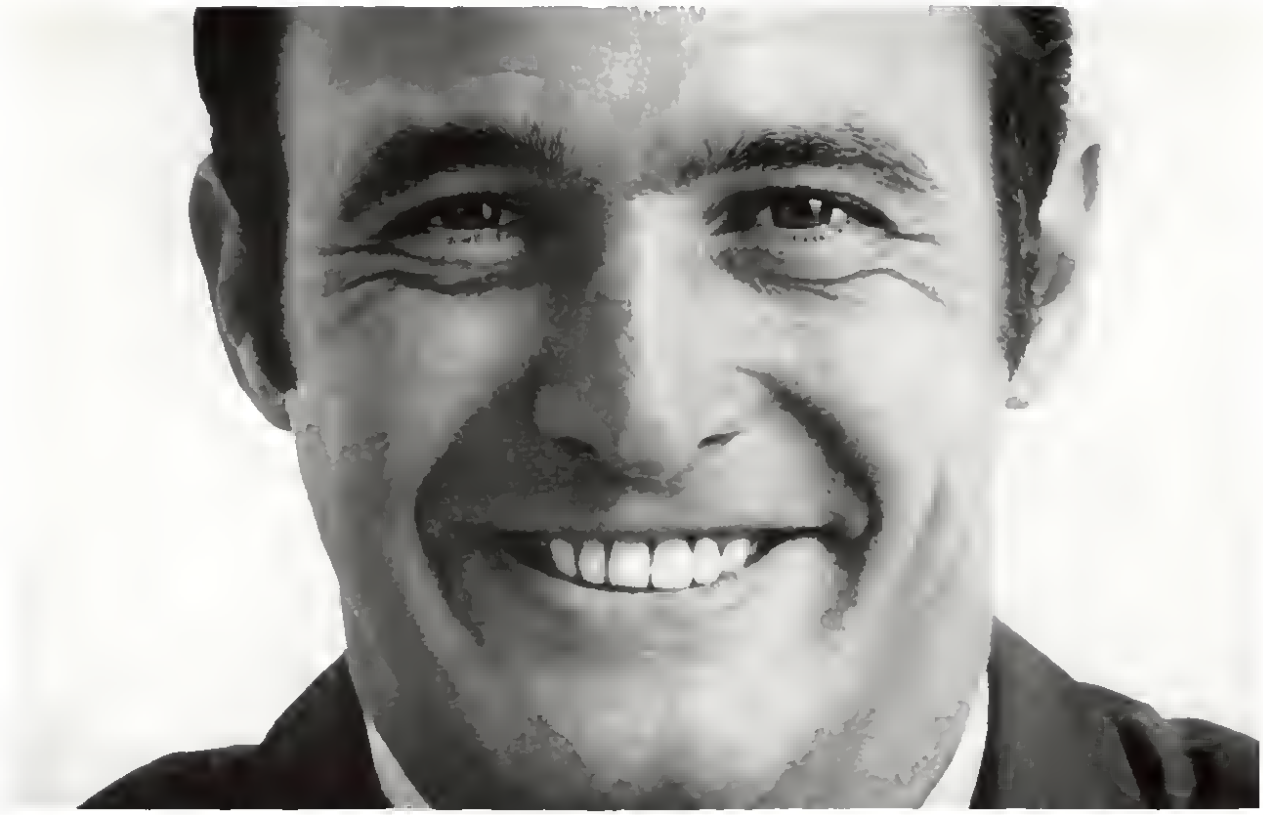
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TEETERING AT THE TOP. college basketball's No. 1 team is doing a hairbreadth Harry as it fights to hold its new, Alcindorless image. A report on UCLA by Curry Kirkpatrick.

WILLIE SHOEMAKER starts the story of his career, in which he has won more money than any U.S. athlete in history, and he talks frankly about many memorable racing moments.

THE NIGHT GOLFER. Dave Marr, may not lend the tour in winnings but, as Dan Jenkins writes affectionately, he has no peer in the salons of Manhattan's 52nd Street.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Do all you people who watched Len Dawson confound the Vikings on the tube really believe what you saw? You're lucky. Luckier by far than Associate Editor William Johnson, whose five-part series on the wondrous workings of TV comes to an end in this issue. After months of close scrutiny, not only of the TV tube itself but of what goes on behind its gleaming phosphors, Johnson says he no longer believes anything at all—and neither does Writer-Reporter Nancy Williamson, who worked with him on the project. "Color me numb," she says.

In his series in LIFE on Apollo 11, Author Norman Mailer recently suggested that maybe the moonshot never took place at all, that we were all simply deluded into thinking it did through ingenious MassCom manipulations. Bill Johnson finds himself in much the same state of mind. "After all these months pondering TV," he says, "I can no longer suspend my disbelief about the business. I disbelieve that there are millions of us life-sized, grown, middle-aged, responsible men sitting around in the dark staring for hours at eensy-weensy mosaics made of electronic dots. I disbelieve that there are highly paid people who are paid highly simply because they believe that if they show for the 10 trillionth time a commercial in which two guys stand in two bathrooms talking to each other through a jointly held medicine cabinet, all us middle-aged people will buy vats of underarm deodorant. I disbelieve anything I see or know about television because it's all too damned absurd. And what I disbelieve most about it is what I know the best: that it is all true."

Like Mailer, Johnson (an oldtime bleacher-sitter) is beginning to wonder if there are really any such things as ballplayers or stadiums or spectators, or whether the whole panorama of sport is just some electronic fiction flickering on a 21-inch (measured diagonally) screen in his own basement. Even the things that happened to him during his long course in disbelief have taken on a curious unreality.

"Bill Stern," he says by way of example, "came to my home personally on a summer Sunday last year to deliver an armload of his private scrapbooks. Well, maybe that doesn't sound like much to you, but when I was a boy Bill Stern was more famous to me than Franklin D. Roosevelt. Then, too, I've had my grammar corrected in a public restaurant at full volume by that relentless perfectionist, Howard Cosell. I got the opportunity to peek over the fence at Tony Verna's house at Malibu to see if his neighbor (Doris Day) was out lounging on her porch. She wasn't. Within the space of five minutes at an ABC hospitality suite at the U.S. Open I met Astronaut Walter Cunningham, Bandleader Phil Harris, Golfer Ben Hogan, Heart Surgeon Dr. Denton Cooley and a lady whom I believe was Miss America of 1965. I even talked over the telephone to the guru of mass media, Marshall McLuhan himself. He turned out to be a grumpy guru. He said he did not want his ideas cast about any longer without his being fully reimbursed in cash for them. He said it was fruitless for someone of my background (he had no idea who I was, but I do not contest his conclusion) to attempt an undertaking as complex as interpreting the relationship between TV and sports. He said, rather cryptically, 'For instance, you don't even understand that the moonshot is going to have an incredible impact on sport.' Then he said he was in the middle of writing an article for big money and that he couldn't waste any more time. I guess we'll just have to wait to find out what he meant. We often do."

One thing Bill added that he *does* believe: "With some exceptions, the people Nancy and I interviewed—announcers, executives, directors, cameramen, producers, salesmen, flacks—were friendly and candid people of real wit and high general intelligence. The messengers, hurrah and alas, sometimes shine brighter than their media."

Dick Munro

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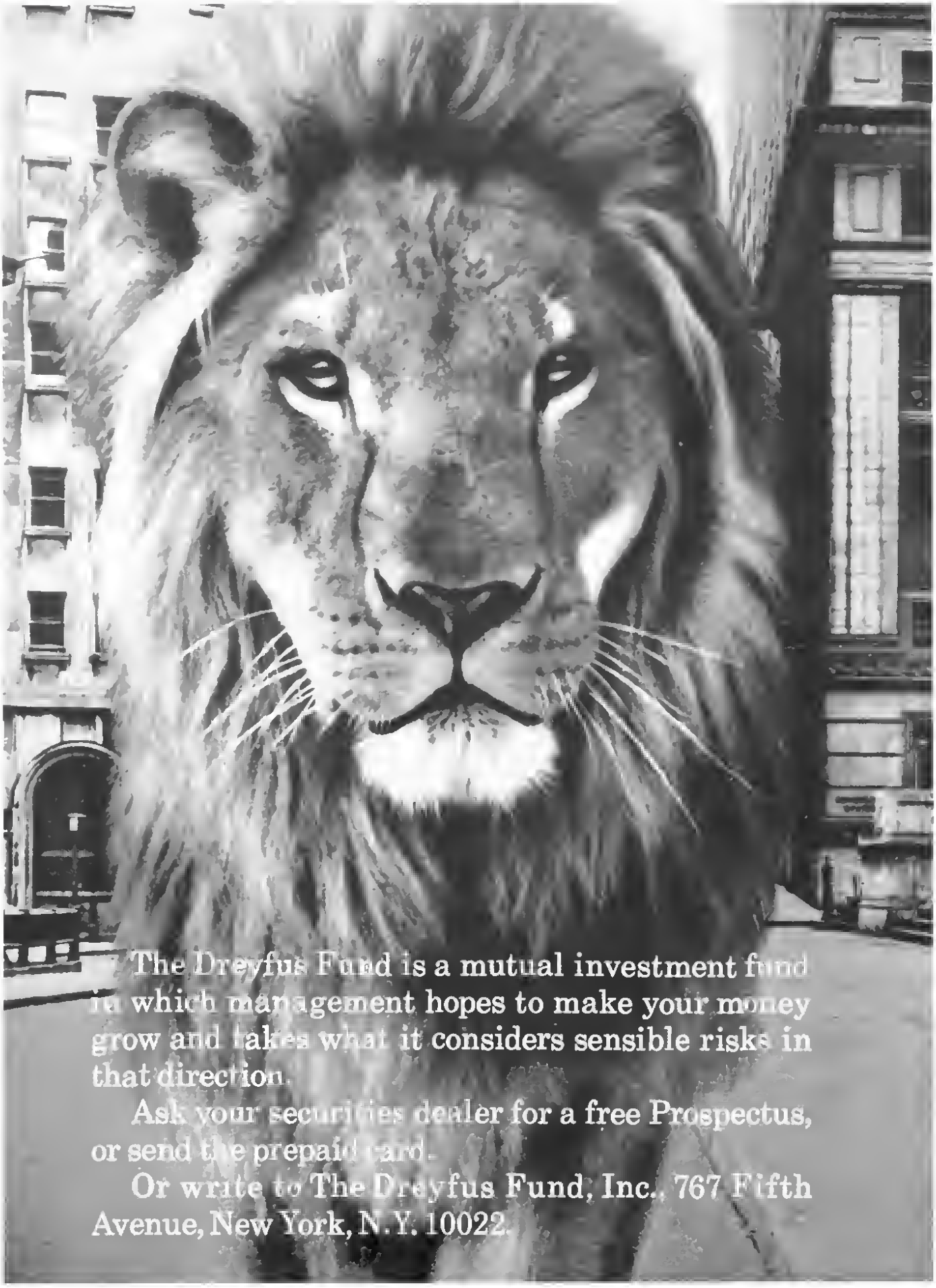
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SCORECARD

IRRATIONAL

The NCAA is becoming ridiculous. Once the popular favorite in its duel with the stodgy old AAU, its persistent stance of self-defeating stupidity is eroding its support everywhere. The suspension of Oregon State basketball player Gary Freeman (SCORECARD, Sept. 15) was a bureaucratic inanity that had to be reversed, and the failure to sanction basketball competition in the Maccabiah Games—because of the continuing squabble with the AAU—was petty, shortsighted and cruel. Its suspension of Yale for two years (for not forbidding a Yale player to go to the Maccabiah Games and then for letting him play varsity basketball this season) is a prime example of NCAA overkill.

Even more peculiar is the one-year suspension of San Jose State's track team, the defending NCAA outdoor champions. San Jose was barred from competing in either the indoor or outdoor national championships this year because several of its athletes took part last season in two "uncertified" meets. Athletes from other colleges (the NCAA refuses to name them) appeared in at least one uncertified meet, but their schools were "chastised" rather than suspended. San Jose ostensibly received the sterner punishment because its athletes had competed in two such meets.

San Jose claims that it had assumed the meets its athletes entered were O.K., because both had been sanctioned by the U.S. Track and Field Federation, the group the NCAA helped organize in opposition to the AAU. It tried to appeal the ruling, but the NCAA refused the appeal. Last week San Jose's acting president, Hobert W. Burns, said, "At the very least, we believe we are entitled to know why San Jose State College was singled out for punishment and why the punishment was so severe." Then he tossed a strong accusation. "This action against San Jose State," he said, "may have been in part a prejudicial reaction to John Carlos' raised-fist gesture at the Olympic Games."

Carlos is the controversial sprinter who, with his San Jose teammate Tommie Smith, appeared on the victory stand in Mexico and made the Black Power gesture that aroused so much animosity. To ascribe the NCAA action against San Jose to its personal feelings against Carlos would seem terribly farfetched if it were not for a double-page spread that appeared on pages 2 and 3 of the December issue of *NCAA News*. An oversimplified and one-sided editorial on campus unrest among black athletes is accompanied by an abridged report of a speech by an FBI official that, in juxtaposition with the editorial, seems to lump all black student activists with the extreme left. If the NCAA wanted to support the argument of San Jose's acting president, it could not have done it more effectively.

REALIGNMENT

Someone once said, "As long as one cockroach suffers the pangs of unrequited love, this is not the best of all possible worlds." By that criterion, the National Football League, in its realignment, created something a good deal less. There are some unhappy cockroaches among the 13 reshuffled clubs, and the one suffering most from unrequited love is Minnesota.

The Vikings, who remain in the frostbite division with Detroit, Chicago and Green Bay, were the orphans of the realignment storm, beloved by no one. You would think other teams would be eager to be in the same division with the 1969 NFL champions, but no. To the club owners, being in the same division with the Vikings means you are committed to playing against a tough, bruising football team in the coldest and most northern town in the league in a stadium that is small by pro football standards. That was why Pete Rozelle finally had to have his secretary draw realignment out of a hat. Of the five plans put in the hat, only one—the one that the lady picked—kept Minnesota in the Central Division.

That one made everybody but the Lions, the Bears and the Packers happy. The old Coastal Division, which earlier had lost Baltimore to the AFL, picked up desirable New Orleans (big park, warm weather, no contender). The old Capitol Division added St. Louis, the only club left from the Century Division, what with New Orleans shifted and Cleveland and Pittsburgh gone on to the AFL—oops, American Conference.

So old NFL rivalries remain virtually undisturbed, and realignment was accomplished with the least possible disruption. Except that the Vikings must feel as unwelcome as their namesakes did landing on the coasts of Western Europe a thousand years ago.

TAXES AND THOROUGHBREDS

Grasping for sources of revenue to meet transit deficits in New York City, Louis DeSalvio, a New York State Assemblyman from Manhattan, has introduced a bill that would add 50 thoroughbred racing days to the already overlong New York racing season. He called it a "painless" way to raise extra money to keep down subway fares. It gives us a pain.

The proposal would mean practically year-round racing. As it is, the New York season begins early in March and runs into December. In 1968 the temperature



on the last day of so-called racing was 9°. The fans had to watch on closed-circuit television, the jockeys were blowing on their hands and wearing as much added weight as they dared and the hors-

es were the bad residue of those stables that had not yet gone south. To start such racing again a few weeks later would reduce the sport in the Sport of Kings to the status of another number on a Bingo card.

IF YOU PHONE ONE

President Nixon's popular espousal of football (his trip to see the Texas-Arkansas game, his naming Texas No. 1, his phone call to Len Dawson in the clubhouse after the Super Bowl) may be fraying a little around the edges. It was not at all surprising that Ralph Nader should say that the President had given far less attention to the consumer movement than he had to the University of Texas football team, but what could really hurt a guy was the reaction of Mrs. Connie McCready, a life-long Republican who is a state representative in Oregon. Mrs. McCready is one of those nuts, a seeker after steelhead trout. The other day, after 20 years of frustrated effort, she finally succeeded in hooking and landing a splendid 12-pound steelhead. She should have been utterly delighted, but a day or so after the event she confessed to an element of disappointment. "President Nixon hasn't even called," she complained.

HANGING IN THERE

We print in its entirety this admirably succinct letter from Mr. Robert E. O'Quinn Jr. of The Leelanau Schools, Glen Arbor, Mich.

Dear Sirs,

Tonight, Jan. 6, 1970, the Leelanau Indian Junior Varsity basketball team of Glen Arbor, Mich. ended a 113-game losing streak by defeating the Leland Comets 30-19.

HOT BOOTS

Maybe the thieves thought they were getting a bonanza of expensive watches. After all, here were 102 cartons from Switzerland, all loaded on a big truck parked at Kennedy International Airport, and the driver had gone home to bed. So they stole the whole shipment and vanished—and found that they had 1,189 pairs of ski boots.

That was back on Dec. 2, just when the ski shops needed the boots most, and in the weeks since, the ski-boot caper has become one of the great mysteries of the sport world. The FBI is in on the case now, and little, enticing leads

continued



Dep for Men

In football and hairgrooming Curtis has what it takes. Style.

Style. It's the difference between the ordinary and the extraordinary. Where your hair's concerned, style means combing it a new way that's all your own. Giving it that thick, manly look. A healthy lustre like Curtis'. Style comes in a tube — Dep for Men Hairstyling Creme. It's the great deceiver. Looks like leading hair creams. But there the similarity ends. Greaseless Dep for Men gives you the control, lustre and thickness that add up to style. And Dep for Men Hair Spray keeps your hair looking just-styled. All day. Style "Dep for Men" is how you spell it.



"Guys with style style their hair with Dep for Men."

keep popping up. But so far, no boots.

"We had a couple of tips," says Heinz Herzog of Henke Overseas Inc., the bootmakers. "The stolen boots were offered to three New York ski shops. But the thieves suggested only 15% below the regular dealer price—and a big-volume buyer can get practically the same deal from us. The hijackers just want too much money for the boots." Canada, Herzog figures, will be the next stop.

Meanwhile, newly equipped skiers can bet that the stranger sitting next to them on the chair lift is a G-man. "Nice boots you have there, fella. Henke Competition model PC135, retail for about $135, don't they? Have you got the receipt on you?"

BOOKMAKER'S HOLIDAY

A Detroit sportswriter recently called his regular bookie. "He isn't here now," said the voice on the other end of the phone. "This is his bowling night. He bowls in the Bookmakers' League."

EVERYTHING'S UP TO DATE

When the Chiefs played the Vikings in the Super Bowl local involvement in Kansas City was almost total. A patient about to undergo open-heart surgery had her operation scheduled so that she would be lucid for the telecast of the game. The power company reported an increase of 15 million watts over normal Sunday usage of electricity. Streets were virtually deserted, and downtown movie theaters reported an 85% drop in patronage. Reports of crime declined from a normal of 360 to 96. Nobody murdered anyone during the game, and police put off questioning a suspect in the only major crime that did occur until the end of the first half. A note in *The Kansas City Star*'s Sunday art column observed, "The lecture by Ralph T. Coe on 'Roy Lichtenstein, painter of the derived image,' scheduled to have been presented this afternoon at the Nelson Gallery, has been postponed because of the Chiefs' game."

There was impromptu jubilation when the Chiefs won (a merchandising director of a large department store and a theater-chain owner agreed that winning would "do great things for Kansas City," though neither could say just what), but the full import was not felt until the next day. *The Kansas City Times*, noted for its conservative typography, ran not one but two immense scare headlines across the top of the front page. The afternoon *Star*, promoting a forthcoming special section on the Chiefs, proclaimed that it would be "among your souvenirs concerning people and things that are on the number one list of all that is worth remembering."

When the team flew home Monday afternoon a crowd of 160,000 lined the street or gleefully showered streamers and waste paper from office buildings. A master of ceremonies screamed introductions of Coach Hank Stram and the players to the crowd gathered on the mall of the city's World War I memorial, and Stram made a speech.

It was a glorious afternoon. For a while the citizenry could look around with confidence, secure in the knowledge that, perhaps for the first time, everything was *really* up to date in Kansas City. Never mind that the 1969 homicide rate was the highest ever or that the downtown business district was *struggling for its life*. Never mind that for all its Jets and Mets, New York City appeared scarcely better off than it had before *its* teams had won *their* championships. Right now, the invincibility of Hank Stram and his 40 young men had infected the people they play for. Kansas City, too, was invincible; it could do anything.

20X55,000=15X80,000?

The rain in New Orleans on Super Bowl Sunday looked like sunshine to Judge Roy Hofheinz, the Astrodome man, who is trying to get the NFL to play next season's version of the big game in Houston. But, it was pointed out, the Astrodome seats only 55,000, compared to 80,000 or so available in Miami or New Orleans. "A $20 seat in the Astrodome would be a far better seat than a $15 one in the Orange Bowl or the Sugar Bowl," Hofheinz argues. "Besides, the game that decides pro football's championship should be played on a dry field where the temperature is 72° and the wind is one mile per hour."

IN THE BALANCE

Seattle came very close to losing its one-year-old major league baseball franchise last autumn, and all reports then indicated that because of various inadequacies the franchise would be transferred to Milwaukee (which had lost its own National League franchise to Atlanta in 1966). Fred Danz, a local man, saved the situation when he agreed to buy the club and keep it in Seattle. Then, this month, the simmering pot began to boil again when it became known that the Bank of California, which had made a substantial loan to the original Seattle owners, had called in that loan. Danz, rather suddenly, was faced with an acute problem. To meet the terms of the agreement with the American League that kept the club in Seattle, he had to make satisfactory financial arrangements of his own with the banks—in this era of tight money—and he had to show, beyond that, that he had sufficient working capital in hand.

Seattle fans had bought $250,000 worth of tickets on a three-year plan that Danz had instituted, but this evidence of local support was not enough. The pot continued to bubble, while off to one side, being careful not to say or do anything that could be construed as an attempt to "steal" a ball club, was the city of Milwaukee, moneyed and ready, but almost afraid to hope.

REBOUND

Baseball may be Seattle's woe, but pro football could be its delight. The Boston Patriots, pushed from pillar to post (well, from little Fenway Park to smaller Alumni Stadium at Boston College), had their hopes of moving into more spacious Harvard Stadium dampened by Harvard's new athletic director, Robert B. Watson. "We have been pressured to let the Patriots move into the stadium," said Watson. "I don't see why we should have to. It was given to us by the Harvard alumni to be used by Harvard athletes."

And since there isn't a Harvard man on the Patriot roster it's up, up and away from Boston for the team. Seattle, be ready.

THEY SAID IT

- Wes Unseld, Baltimore Bullets' center, asked just how tall Lew Alcindor is: "I would say he's 7′ 3½″—conservatively."
- Charles Conrad, Apollo 12 astronaut, explaining why it will be fun to play golf on the moon someday: "Not only will you be able to hit the ball a mile, but because there's no atmosphere, you won't have a slice or a hook."
- Mrs. Henry Finkel, whose husband had to replace a legend at center for the Boston Celtics: "We know we're not Bill Russell. We can tell every first and 15th when we open our paycheck." **END**

AN AMAZINGLY RAPID AND EFFECTIVE NEW WAISTLINE REDUCER

The Incredible New
SAUNA BELT

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1. Slip the belt around your waist—inflate and you are ready to do your two magic waist reducing exercises 5 to 10 minutes



2. After your exercises you simply relax for about 20 minutes while keeping the belt around your waist



3. Then remove the Sauna Belt. Your waist will already feel tighter and trimmer. Many persons have lost an inch or more the very first day

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Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 26, 1970

BUBBLES AND BOUNCES

Ralph Doubell, who likes the taste of champagne, won a sparkling 1,000 in L. A., but Kip Keino was flat and lost the mile, and fellow Kenyan Naftali Bon, unused to the bounce of the boards, fizzled out

by PAT PUTNAM

Ralph Doubell flew into Los Angeles late last Wednesday afternoon. It had taken 24 sleepless hours to transport his mammoth hangover from Australia to California, which is tough even on an Aussie, and so he forgot about his playboy image and went to bed. Sixteen hours later the handsome Olympic 800-meter champion arose, worked his way through four bottles of German beer, one Bloody Mary, three glasses of rosé and 237 pages of *Portnoy's Complaint*, and then retreated once more into the feathers. By Friday he was feeling much better. Since he was to run the following night in the Sunkist Invitational he was tapering off with Coke.

"I feel the attitude of American runners about not drinking is very strange," he said. Then, grinning, he added, "Most Australians do. Just last Friday I went out with my coach and we got stoned on champagne. Of course, you can't do that all the time, just about once every fortnight." The theory was hardly advanced before it was put to the test, over 1,000 yards on Saturday night, and Doubell sped them in 2:06.5—just five-tenths in excess of Peter Snell's world record—and in the doing he blew his two toughest rivals, Kenya's Naftali Bon and America's Juris Luzins, off the bouncing boards of the Los Angeles Sports Arena.

If it was a big win for the bubbly, it was an even more important victory for Doubell. Twice last summer Bon had beaten him, and Doubell, who has never lost indoors, was not about to let the shy police corporal from Kenya do it again. And, too, there was the Latvian-born Luzins, who competed for William & Mary last year and is one of America's finest half-milers. In their last meeting it was Luzins who had arrived at the tape first. Such happenstances are almost enough to make an Aussie give up his brew. Almost.

The Sunkist would be Bon's first race under a roof, and when he arrived Thursday with Kipchoge Keino—who would be upset in the mile by tough little John Lawson—and Aish Jeneby, the rotund deputy Kenya sports officer, he was also accompanied by a bad case of nerves. But then, the first race on boards is enough to shatter anyone. The infernal things bounce, coming up to meet you, and there are tight banked turns, and everything that is clean and natural outdoors is suddenly unnatural. No Kenyan youngster would be caught dead running over the hills of Kiganjo while tilted dramatically to the left.

"I tried to tell Bon what to expect," said Keino in his soft, impeccable English, "to tell him that the banks will try to force him outside, that he must force himself inside, that he must hold his arms this way, this one [the left] pumping straight, this one pumping across the body. That is one thing. But for him to experience it is another. He has the stamina and he has the acceleration, but this, too, is important." The Olympic gold medalist in the 1,500 meters tapped the side of his head with his right forefinger. "This is the control center," he said. "And this only comes from experience."

The Sunkist was Keino's seventh indoor meet, but his first since 1967. Four years ago, when the meet was known as the Los Angeles Invitational, Keino lost the mile and, angry with himself, entered the two-mile and won. After that he competed in only one more meet in the U.S. The Kenyans had become annoyed with the AAU and refused to run in the States.

"The AAU wanted us to keep sending our athletes here, but they didn't want to send their athletes to Kenya," said Jeneby. "Every time we'd ask for one of their outstanding runners, usually Jim Ryun, we were told he was in college. They could run in Europe and places like Australia, but when we invited them they couldn't get away from their studies."

The Kenyans, too, were unhappy with the AAU's policy of sending a freeloading manager along on every trip, although they are too polite to mention it now. Kenya is hardly a wealthy nation

continued

Early in the 1,000, Bon holds the lead over (left to right) Kenth Andersson, Juris Luzins and Doubell, who came on to win in 2:06.5.


USIU





and it expects a dollar's return for a dollar spent. All the AAU gives in return is a healthy appetite.

"It's a stupid policy," said Doubell, who has been battling Australia's freeloaders. "The Americans started it, now everyone is doing it. All they are doing is paying off some guy for 20 years of dedicated service. Most of the time the guy has never been out of the country and the athlete has to worry about managing *him*. I had to bring a manager with me this trip. Bob Davis. He's a nice enough chap, but what's he here for? The other day he asked me what event I was running in. And that's the only time I've seen him. I told him he might as well go home."

Last year the AAU decided the Kenyans were serious and sent Lee Evans and half-miler Mark Winzenried to Africa. Accompanied by a non-managing manager. The feud over, Keino and Bon competed at South Lake Tahoe last September. "And now," said Jeneby, beaming, "we are very happy about our relations with the Americans."

With his field strengthened by the magic draw of the Kenyans, Al Franken, who promoted the Sunkist Invitational, had hoped to set up a meeting between Keino and Marty Liquori, America's top miler, but Franken ran afoul of the NCAA, which banned him. As a result, no college athlete can run in a Franken meet. The AAU is also mad at him and has been since 1956, but it still sanctions his meets and takes its cut of the profits.

"The NCAA has a vendetta against me but nobody will say why," says Franken, who is more bewildered than embittered. "At least they won't say anything that can be used against them legally. They are smart and they have money and resources. Sure, I give color TV sets to the top athletes, and I give them rented cars to use, but who doesn't? There is talk of under-the-table payoffs, but let somebody come out and prove something, not just talk about it. What the hell, the same athletes who run for me run everyplace else—for the same things—and nobody squawks about those places. We all know what went on in Mexico City but not one damn thing has been done to anybody.

"One thing that started all this was a meet in Philadelphia that ran at the same time as one of ours. And we got all the top athletes because we gave the top prizes. And all under the $100 limit. Can I help it if our prizes are TV sets and cameras and the guy in Philly wants to give nothing but a lousy watch? Let him upgrade his prizes. But no, he runs to the NCAA. They scream about us giving rented cars to the athletes. The L.A. *Times* gives cars to the athletes in their meet. Some firm donates them. But you can be sure the NCAA isn't about to take on the L.A. *Times*. The NCAA and the AAU would rather kill the sport than give an inch. The guys in the NCAA and the AAU are the same types. Save face no matter what the cost. Little people and little thinkers. Well, at least the NCAA didn't hurt us too much this year. Almost all the really good athletes are out of school."

As it turned out, the Sunkist was an electric meet with some remarkable individual performances. The meet opened explosively enough with Gary Power of the Southern California Striders running the 60-yard hurdles in seven seconds, one-tenth of a second faster than Willie Davenport, the Olympic gold medalist. It was Davenport's first defeat indoors since 1968. Earlier in the week Davenport had been complaining that he had never been chosen as the outstanding athlete of any meet, even when he had set or tied a world record. (He was exaggerating; he got the award at one meet.) "They run the hurdles first, then everybody forgets," he said sadly.

After his upset, someone asked Davenport wouldn't it be funny if Power was named the top athlete. "If he is," said Davenport, "you'll hear some screaming from me." But the honor went to Lawson for his 4:00.6 mile: Keino did 4:00.7. "I knew Kip was going to lose with two rounds to go," moaned Jeneby. "I could see that he couldn't even lift his legs." Keino, who is considered an unhappy loser, merely smiled and intimated that that's the way the boards bounce.

Bob Seagren vaulted to a meet-record 17′ ½″ and was named the top field athlete, although Otis Burrell high-jumped 7′ 1″ in a mild upset of Reynaldo Brown. Dick Fosbury, of the Flop, was supposed to be on hand, but when he did no better than 6′ 6″ in Washington the week before he said to heck with it, and, not having enrolled for the winter quarter, went off to see the Mardi Gras.

When Keino was done in by Lawson it was up to Bon to save the night for Kenya. And he tried. He got away quickly, a Kenyan trait, with Kenth Andersson second and Doubell and Luzins a few yards back. Then Andersson faded, and it was Bon and Luzins, closely followed by Doubell. "Going into the fourth lap," said Doubell, "I knew I wouldn't have much of a problem. They were running my race. I was in the correct position, and I haven't found anybody who can outkick me."

Doubell discovered, too, that Bon was having more than his share of problems with the boards. He was slowing up for the turns, forcing Luzins and Doubell to decelerate to keep from running over him. Then, on the gun lap, Doubell turned it on, running past everyone and winning with ease. "I am afraid Bon got scared," said Jeneby. "Did you see him when he got behind? He was running through people—*through* them. I have to admit that they were a nice bunch of chaps in that race. If not, he could have been bounced about quite a bit, you know."

When the 1,000 was over, Lee Evans, who had won the 600, comforted the Kenyans. "You got to forget about those records, man," he said to Keino, who had run a blistering third quarter, apparently upon the urging of the public-address announcer, and then had blown a 30-yard lead on the last lap. "You just got to go out and run your own race. You start thinking about getting a record and it'll kill you." Then he turned to Bon, who was staring moodily at the floor, and said, "Forget about it. The first time on the boards will make anybody look bad. My first time I was *really* lousy. In fact, I was lousy my whole first year. Just terrible." Bon smiled, then he walked away—and disappeared. Keino, Jeneby and Doubell, who was going to drive the Kenyans back to their hotel, searched for him for an hour before giving up and leaving.

"Someone will find him and bring him home," said Jeneby, who was right.

"I just hope," whispered the irrepressible Doubell, "that he didn't go off and commit hara-kiri or whatever it is they do in Kenya." **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG

In a pair of upsets, Otis Burrell won the high jump and Gary Power ended Willie Davenport's win streak in the indoor hurdles at 18.

COUSY MAKES THE ROYALS RUN

Determined to alter Cincinnati's style, as he had changed many elements of the sport itself when he played, the new coach has traded stars, quashed cliques and transformed attack and defense **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The heavy rear door of the Milwaukee Arena slammed shut, and Bob Cousy (*see cover*), at 41 the rookie coach of the National Basketball Association's Cincinnati Royals, stepped out onto Wisconsin Avenue. A strong wind whipped snow into his face, and Cousy shivered in the 10° below temperature as he looked around to make sure the last of his players had a ride back to the hotel. Then he stepped into the back of a cab and put his tan traveling bag on the front seat. "It's been one of those days and nights," Cousy said, "that it is just as well to forget all about. I could sense it coming. We let ourselves go 29 points behind the Bucks, and even though we got it down to nine with two minutes to play you can't do that against Milwaukee—with Alcindor—and expect to win. Lately we've been able to overcome some huge leads and win games, but that's too much to ask for all the time. The one constant in the NBA is still that you have to lose to learn how to win."

Last week, as the NBA reached the halfway point in its 80-game regular-season odyssey toward the playoffs, Cousy's Royals had been sometimes winning, sometimes losing, always learning and going through one of the most interesting transformations that any major professional franchise has ever experienced. Known for years as a team that seldom ran except when it was late for an airplane, the Royals were scampering up and down the court, applying pressure to teams much bigger, stronger and deeper than they are. And they were playing defense as it has rarely been seen in Cincinnati since the franchise was moved from Rochester, N.Y. a dozen years ago.

Just after Christmas the Royals began doing some things that sent shudders through opposing coaches. One night they scored on 57% of their shots and beat Atlanta, the Western Division leader, by 20 points, without Tom Van Arsdale in the lineup. The next evening, the fifth-largest crowd ever to see them play in Cincinnati Gardens—11,665—watched the Royals beat Milwaukee in the last seconds of an overtime period. It was Milwaukee's only loss in an 11-game streak. A week later the Royals went to Atlanta where, after being behind by 19 points at the start of the final quarter, they again beat the Hawks. Within 24 hours they were back at home for an afternoon game, were down 18 points late in the third period and rallied to defeat Eastern champion Baltimore. In their next game they made up 11 points in the fourth quarter and beat the Phoenix Suns. In every game, running and pressure turned the trick. This has been accomplished by two first-line players—Oscar Robertson and Tom Van Arsdale; two who have been journeymen for a decade—Connie Dierking and Johnny Green; and an assortment of slender, mostly undersized youngsters who as yet scarcely merit inclusion even in the second category.

Cincinnati was fifth in the Eastern Division at the end of last week, after a series of losses while either Green or Dierking was injured, but it still has a shot at a playoff berth for the first time in three seasons.

When Cousy took over the job in Cincinnati last May he had a three-year contract in his pocket and carte blanche to make all the trades and moves he wanted in order to produce an eventual contender. He announced he was going to change the Royals, and change them he certainly has. Of the 16 players who went to the Cincy training camp last September, only seven remain. Of the three best-known Cincinnati players—Robertson, Jerry Lucas and Adrian Smith—only Robertson is still a Royal. And Oscar no longer controls the team and the ball as he once did.

In the season before Cousy's arrival the Royals got off to a 20-9 start and



Even such details as pregame warmups are the object of Cousy's close supervision.

sagged badly, to end up at 41-41. Often the players did just about what they pleased; they took votes on what hour practice would start and moved from city to city separately or in small groups whenever the whim struck them. Sometimes men were cut from the squad and advised of it by the team trainer. Cliques developed, and the Royals' scouting and drafting procedures were laughed at throughout the NBA.

Today a mimeographed set of fines, written by Cousy, hangs from a bulletin board in the Cincinnati dressing room; if a player believes he has to go shopping instead of attending practice, it costs him $50. If Cousy doesn't like the sound of *any* excuse for missing practice, he doubles the fine. Robertson, one of the finest one-on-one performers ever to play basketball, is candid about the change to the Cousy Era in Cincinnati. "There's no doubt about the change," he says. "The attitude has improved. We've got quite a few new players, and most of the new guys are rookies. It's an overall new thing, with Bob coaching. And with all these trades, no one is on that solid a foundation. That will make you have a change of attitude right there."

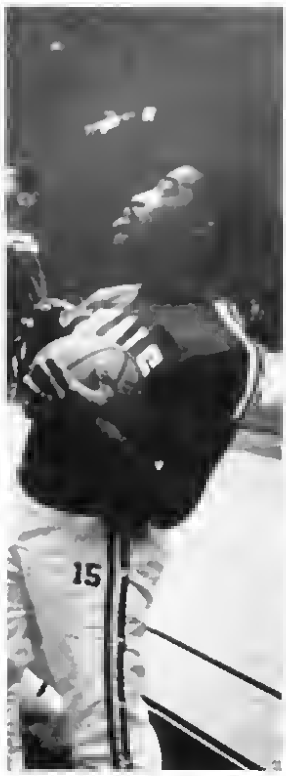
When Cousy traded Lucas to the San Francisco Warriors late last October it came as a shock to close followers of the sport everywhere, not just to those in Cincinnati. An Ohio hero, Lucas had just completed his best shooting year as a professional (.551) and led the club in rebounding with an 18.4 average per game. But it was Cousy's belief that Lucas did not add to the team's overall speed, and speed and defense were the things that Cousy wanted to incorporate into Cincinnati's attack immediately. Some people also suggested that the Royals had been suffering from the fact that they were split into two distinct groups—a Lucas camp and a Robertson camp.

"That was probably right," says Dierking, an eight-year pro. "I can't say if there were cliques, but there were some lines of division. Now this is one of the happiest teams I've ever played on. I think one of the ways it shows up is just our attitude on the floor. Everybody pats a player on the back when he does something right and, by the same token, when you do something wrong there is no griping. Off the floor there is more camaraderie; we sit around and shoot the breeze about different things."

Cousy's return to the NBA also came as a surprise to many because he had said he would sit out this season, after six years of coaching at Boston College. "I really thought nothing could get me back this year," he says, "because I still remember all the time I spent on airplanes and didn't believe I'd get back on them so soon. But Max Jacobs [chairman of the board of the Royals and also president of Sportservice Corporation] just wouldn't take no for an answer. He offered me an excellent contract and also the right to make the trades and cuts I wanted. I would not have taken the job under any other conditions. If mistakes are going to be made, I am going to make them."

Cousy, of course, is as famous in Boston as the light in the Old North Church; people there have little doubt that while Dr. Naismith may have invented the game, Cousy made it as close to an art form as is possible. He had everything he wanted there or in the area, including most of his friends and a magnificent 13-room, 11-bath home in the outskirts of Worcester. Although he was born in New York City, he was adopted by Boston while still playing at Holy

continued





The kind of result Cousy hopes to see more often—a Royal fast break leading to 3 on 1.



Always double-teemed. Robertson is still Cincy's clutch shooter.



The Royals' best ball steeler, Ven Lier, tenses before his move.

Cross, long before his 13 years as a Celtic. The year before he arrived from the Holy Cross campus there were pro franchises in places like Sheboygan, Waterloo, Anderson, Fort Wayne and Tri-Cities, and Boston was a last-place team in the Eastern Division. Everyone in New England was sure that Cousy would be an automatic territorial draft pick of the Celtics, but he got to them only after great bickering, the folding of the Tri-Cities franchise and having his name picked out of a hat by the then owner of the team, Walter Brown.

Neither Brown nor his rookie coach, Red Auerbach, really wanted Cousy, despite his local popularity. At that time they were more interested in a big man. In a memorable press conference during which Auerbach was asked repeatedly about drafting Cousy, Red turned to Brown and said, "What am I supposed to do, win games or please the local yokels?"

Starting in his rookie season 20 years ago, Cousy was the player every kid who ever shot a cheap ball up against a garage backboard dreamed of being. Even today the youngster trying his first behind-the-back dribble or blind pass is apt to be asked—at least, by his elders—"Who do you think you are, Cousy?" He set the mark of his style on the game long before Russell came along and made it possible for the Celtics to win all those championships. During that long reign, they rarely had a player in the top 10 in scoring. They won playing the game Cousy is installing in Cincinnati.

"The reason the Celtics were so successful," Cousy says, "is that we ran and played defense. I still believe that is what must be done to win, and the more basketball I see the more I become convinced of it. I also believe that the players have to know how much the coach hates to lose—and pick up some of that attitude. It was true of Auerbach in Boston. All of his players knew that he was a terrible loser. Whenever the Celtics lost two games in a row we all knew we were in serious trouble both with ourselves and with Auerbach."

Cousy and Auerbach were close, or at least as close as Red ever allowed himself to be with a player, and Cousy obviously borrowed many of Auerbach's ideas—but added some flourishes of his own—when he took his first coaching job at Boston College in 1963. When he arrived BC had a dreadful reputation in basketball, but during his six years there the Eagles won 117 games, lost only 34 and played in five major tournaments. It took a full year—his first season's record was a poor 10-11—for college players to adapt to his fast-break, ball-stealing style, to getting down the floor before the opponent could convert from offense to defense. That has come more quickly with pros.

"Coaching is so different today than it once was," he says. "The day of the Knute Rockne speech is past. You can't lump all your players together, treat them all the same. Each has to be treated as an individual. But the basic ideas still have to get through to all. When I came to Cincinnati I took Oscar and Jerry aside and explained to them that individually they had ac-



Experience and a hook are Dierking's weapons against tall rivals



Aggressive Van Arsdale switched easily from guard to forward.

complished about all a man can do in pro basketball, but that the Royals as a team had never won anything. For six or seven years as pros they did things their own way, and I now wanted them to try mine."

Cousy's way has had a remarkable effect on 36-year-old Johnny Green, now playing perhaps the best ball of his career. He picked up Green, who had played for 10 seasons in the NBA, after he was cut by the Philadelphia 76ers. "I had always liked Johnny's attitude," Cousy says, "because he was a team man who often put out more than he seemed capable of. We had to assume the pension responsibilities owed to Green, but he has been worth all of that."

Green has played more this season than any of the Royals except Robertson and rookie Norm Van Lier. Despite a succession of injuries, he has contributed mightily to the running game by getting the ball to start the break. Only 6' 6", he is 10th in the league in rebounds.

On the bench Cousy's behavior is different from that of many NBA coaches. He does not rant or rave or constantly harass the officials. Minutes before the start of a game he rolls up a program and uses it as a baton to direct the action and to slam into his palms to relieve his frustration at missed plays and the simple failures that many of the younger Royals often commit. He has no illusions about how long it takes to put together a winner in this league, but he is determined to establish a tradition of team play—a solid base—with the material at hand. And next May, with one of the best college crops available, he will be ready for the second stage in his revamping of the old order in Cincinnati. He will have one first-round pick and two in the second.

"When we draft," he says, "I will have seen the kids that we are interested in play five or six games apiece. My assistant, Draff Young, will have seen them, too. I want to know how they react to pressure, how they handle coaching and what type of team players they are or can be. You certainly can't put yourself in a kid's skin and really be sure what he will do when he gets into the pros, but if you see him enough times in tough situations you should have a pretty good idea. I'm willing to make a few mistakes—but not too many."

One evening recently he was pacing the hallway outside the team's dressing room in Baltimore's Civic Center. His wounded players—the Royals have had more than their share of injuries—were inside wrapped in tape and bandages and quietly getting themselves into the proper frame of mind to meet the Bullets. As he walked up and down he kept shaking his wrists at his sides—a pregame exercise he invariably followed as a player and still does, unconsciously, though he has no intention of playing for the Royals now except in an emergency. "I'm enjoying coaching more now than I ever thought I would," he said. "By this point in the season I thought I might be just a little bit tired of it, but I'm not. This team can come around, pride can be developed. Then I'll really enjoy coaching." **END**

SKY-HIGH STAKES ON LONDON BRIDGE

The play of a single card could win or lose as much as $5,000 for Omar Sharif's Circus and the English experts **by VICTOR MOLLO**

To the millions who play bridge for fun, even to those who risk a penny a point, the stakes were unbelievable. U.S. experts, who rarely can find a game for as high as 20¢ a point, found them unnerving. But the 80-rubber challenge match in London's Piccadilly Hotel last week—between a team led by Omar Sharif and two of England's most successful money players, Jeremy Flint and Jonathan Cansino—was played for a pound ($2.40) a point. Then there was a side bet of £1,000 ($2,400) to the net winner of every four rubbers.

Flint and Cansino had no difficulty in finding backers to oversubscribe their side, for the British players were considered heavy favorites. Omar the actor, who can afford it, carried practically the whole amount staked by his so-called Circus team, leaving the three professionals with him—France's Claude Delmouly and Italy's Benito Garozzo and Giorgio Belladonna—to play for their usual 2¢ or 3¢ a point. Sharif could have lost as much as $100,000. In the end, after six grueling days of play, he won $17,928—$4,800 on the side bets and $13,128 over the scheduled 80 rubbers.

Omar has won more at blackjack and lost more—far more—at baccarat than he ever could at bridge, even at these remarkable stakes. But to him the money was of academic interest. The sky-high stakes were agreed on in order to capture public interest and create a dramatic setting for a television film of his Circus in action.

The Circus was formed three years ago to present bridge as a colorful, exciting spectacle. Its upkeep in 1968 had cost Omar some $60,000, which he regarded as money well spent, for spectators had flocked to his exhibition



Mixed reactions after a hand: Omar (with cards) and partner Delmouly are pensive, Flint (right) is puzzled; Cansino wants to talk it over.

matches to watch and enjoy top-class bridge. At the Piccadilly, 50 technicians, manning eight color cameras, recorded more than 40 hours of action. Only when the public sees the film, cut down to 13 half-hour episodes, will Omar know whether he really won or lost the pound-a-point match.

"Bridge," he says, "is a faster game than golf. Why, then, should it not have the same appeal for viewers?"

Just as the Medicis in Renaissance Florence were the patrons of poetry and painting, so Omar sees himself as patron of bridge, an evangelist whose mission is to spread far and wide the pleasures of what he considers the most intellectually satisfying of all games. "If they all played bridge," he told a journalist who was trying to draw him out on Middle East politics, "they would have no time to hate each other."

Omar approves strongly of what he calls "hobby passions," and he takes his bridge seriously. More than once he has said that he would rather be considered a bad actor than a bad bridge player, and he showed his feelings when a London paper headlined its report on the first day's play at the Piccadilly: BOOB COSTS OMAR SHARIF £1,500. The London match had opened dramatically with an unbeatable grand slam for the Circus. The bidding sequence of the precise Blue Club system told Sharif that a king was missing, and it might have been the king of trumps. Refusing to risk the small slam bonus for a grand slam of which he was uncertain, Omar stopped at six hearts. This, said one expert quoted by the paper, showed Omar's lack of nerve. Another described it as "a surprising mistake."

Omar saw in these remarks a woeful ignorance of the Blue Club, a system that demands the kind of strong discipline from its practitioners that has won 10 successive world titles for Italy. He was the first to agree that he would have been less resentful of a bad notice for a film.

After the first 10 rubbers of the match the Englishmen were 1,300 points ahead. But in the 11th Sharif and Benito Garozzo scored two slams. The Circus

Cansino		*Flint*
♠ J 7 6 5		♠ A K 10 8
♥ 4	N	♥ J 10 3
♦ J 9 5	W E	♦ K 8
♣ A K 10 4 2	S	♣ 9 8 7 6

Cansino	*Sharif*	*Flint*	*Delmouly*
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	1 ♥	PASS	2 ♥
DOUBLE	4 ♥	4 ♠	DOUBLE
(All Pass)			

team took the lead and never lost it.

The hand that most stirred the audience watching on Bridge-O-Rama, if not the players, could properly be called the one with the $5,000 card. Shown above are the English team's cards and the bidding sequence.

Delmouly opened with the heart king and continued with the heart 5. Flint ruffed in dummy and played a low spade, inserting the 10 from the closed hand and losing to South's queen.

Watching Bridge-O-Rama, which shows all four hands and records the play trick by trick, the more knowledgeable spectators shook their heads, for it was clear that another heart from Delmouly would kill the contract. The closed-circuit monitors around the hall showed the Frenchman plunged in thought. Finally, he drew a red card from his hand, but it was a diamond, not a heart, and a sigh of relief went up from the English audience. Sharif won the trick with the ace and returned another diamond to Flint's king. The next trick was won by the ace of clubs, Omar following with the queen. Flint drew the remaining trumps and led another club from his hand.

Should he finesse dummy's 10 or play for the jack to drop? If he guessed right, he would make the rest of the tricks, score 290 for the doubled contract and take the rubber. If he misguessed, the penalty could be 1,100, for with no more trumps to stem the opposing hearts and diamonds he wouldn't take another trick. Allowing for the effect on the side bet for the four rubbers, the card Flint now played from dummy would make a difference of about $5,000.

Watching Jeremy in his green-velvet evening jacket as his pensive face came up on the monitors, the audience willed him to make the right guess. Five hundred spectators knew which card he should play, but Jeremy didn't, and second after second of agonizing suspense followed slowly. Finally Jeremy called for the 10 of clubs from dummy. A groan, quickly turning to a massive British sigh, swept all around the hall. Omar won the trick with the jack of clubs, and the Circus team scored 1,100 points above the line. These were the original four hands:

NORTH
♠ 3
♥ A 9 7 6 2
♦ A Q 7 6 3
♣ Q J

WEST
♠ J 7 6 5
♥ 4
♦ J 9 5
♣ A K 10 4 2

EAST
♠ A K 10 8
♥ J 10 3
♦ K 8
♣ 9 8 7 6

SOUTH
♠ Q 9 4 2
♥ K Q 8 5
♦ 10 4 2
♣ 5 3

That the great should err and be seen erring is forever a comfort for lesser mortals, and the audience chuckled when Garozzo and Belladonna, perhaps the two greatest players in the world, once stumbled into a slam, missing two aces. But lapses were few, and many a time the artistry of players on both sides was loudly applauded. After 40 rubbers, the halfway stage, the Circus was leading by 5,340. They added 2,000 more, lost that and gained a mere 130 over the last half of the match. All in all, the Circus held a few more aces and slam hands than their opponents, but in high-card points the British had a slight advantage, less than half of one percent.

As Omar's guest at a victory celebration, my last impressions were of champagne and spaghetti at 5 a.m., with Omar caricaturing the mannerisms of Claude Delmouly so perfectly that I realized Omar the bridge champion would never cease to be Omar the actor. END



A many-faceted champion

This is little Janet Lynn: blonde, 5'1", who weighs, oh say, 103 pounds (counting both skates)—easily the prettiest pixie of the figure-skating world. Janet began all this fancy whirling and jumping when she was 6 and now, at a vivacious 16, she is both the U. S. and North American champion—an icy odds-on favorite to become the next world titleholder. But first comes the national meet next week in Tulsa and, while Janet practiced her defenses, Photographer Phil Leonian used multiple strobe lights flashed against black velvet to capture all the fluid precision of her moves. The result, he says, is "a moment extended." But it is more than that: it is a time and space portrait of a tiny champion at work.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILLIP LEONIAN







Swinging smoothly—follow the action from right to left—Janet does a double-toe loop (top left), a half-loop (top right) and a flying sit-spin—all reflecting the joys of jumping.

The cost of a college education is up 70% since 1959.

What! You still don't own any mutual funds?

Investment Company Institute
1775 K Street, N W Washington, D C

Swirling past the eye of the shutter, Janet prints a flowing picture that—for all of its sinuous mood—demonstrates the firm precision of the art of figure skating.

No two men
want the same exact things
for the same exact reasons
at the same exact time.

We grew as large as we are
by recognizing that fact.

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE • MILWAUKEE
World's largest company specializing in individual life insurance. NML

CAPTAIN COOL STRIKES AGAIN

Britain's John Wyer has risen to the top in auto endurence racing by going fast slowly. The magician behind two Ford upsets at Le Mans switches to Porsche and duels Ferrari as Daytona opens a new season

by GWILYM S. BROWN



A June morning, France 1959. Carroll Shelby and Roy Salvadori have driven an Aston Martin DBR1 to first place in that centerpiece of the sports car world, the Le Mans 24-hour race. For the Aston Martin Company and its race team, winning a Le Mans is the climax of 10 years of hard labor. Now David Brown, head of the industrial conglomerate of which Aston Martin is a small but vital part, flies over the 8.38-mile circuit on the way to London in his twin-engined de Havilland Dove, looks down at the debris left by the race and its 300,000 spectators and expresses one side of the love-hate emotion that so many in it have for Le Mans.

"Thank God," he says. "Thank God I don't have to come back to this damn place again."

Seated in the plane with Brown is John Wyer, a shy, intense Englishman who has been Aston Martin's racing manager during those 10 years and is now the firm's general manager as well. "I guess that means I won't be coming back, either," Wyer thinks to himself, but he is not exactly upset at the prospect. "Now I can stop playing with motor cars and get on to something more serious."

A decade of broken resolutions later John Wyer is still playing with cars. No longer is he merely an able team manager, he is the reigning wizard of Le Mans. And not because he frightened people with fast cars the way Ferrari used to. He clobbered them with antiques. His victories in 1968 and last year were won with the same aged Ford GT40—an obsolete car in among the swifties from Porsche and Matra. Wyer emerged as a man who could keep his cars together when all about him were losing theirs to the intoxication of speed, and next week his tall, slightly stooped figure, his sparse, straight, black hair and haggard face will be visible at the season-opening Daytona 24-hour race, in the pits of—ah, so—Porsche.



Tired of facing life against him, Porsche has hired him. Wyer, therefore, will be campaigning a powerful new Porsche 917, a racer capable of 225 mph flat out and already proved at record lap speeds on the track at Daytona. The enemy: Ferrari, returning to endurance racing with a new five-liter projectile called the 512. The favorite: Porsche and John Leonard Wyer.

"In a different age John might have been a General Montgomery, a man he admires tremendously," says Pieta Wyer, his wife of 28 years. "He enjoys motor racing as a strategic exercise. Everything down to the smallest detail is carefully planned out. Even in his personal life he has a great capacity for minute detail and an abhorrence of imperfection in others."

After an endorsement like this you might expect Mrs. Wyer to conclude, "but I love him anyway." However, the seemingly cold, implacable side of Wyer's personality is tempered by a quiet sense of humor and an ability to take bold, precipitous action when the situation seems to call for it. Though he married Pieta 4½ years after being introduced to her in the lobby of London's Piccadilly Hotel, Wyer proposed marriage that first evening.

"It doesn't seem like him, does it?" asks Pieta. "He really is extraordinarily shy. But I was drawn to him because he was also so exceedingly intelligent and had such a fine sense of humor. We had drinks, dinner and more drinks. It seemed an absolutely hilarious evening."

At that time, in 1936, Wyer worked for Solex, Ltd., the international carburetor cartel headquartered in Paris. But ever since childhood, when Wyer read automotive books and magazines instead of playing games, motor sports has been his strongest passion. It was a passion he was not able to indulge until he was 36. A touch of tuberculosis and being in an essential industry kept Wyer out of military service during World War II but, like everyone else in war-saturated Britain, he worked hard at his job, and by V-E day was wrung out physically and spiritually. He was ripe to take part in what could be described as the mid-'40s' version of doing one's own thing.

"There had been a Depression and then a war," Wyer said recently, "and we all felt that since we hadn't been able to do the things we enjoyed doing for such a helluva long time, we were going to start right then before we got too old and it was too late."

What Wyer did in 1945 was to get swept up in Britain's racing craze. His was a generation looking for less deadly excitement than war, but excitement nonetheless. There was a frantic search for cars to race and tracks to race them on. Wyer took a job as general manager of Monaco Motors, which prepared cars for private clients who wanted to race them. The cars won races, the firm prospered, and when Monaco was bought out by Vauxhall dealers in 1950 Wyer moved to Aston Martin, newly purchased and revived by David Brown. Brown, who put together his first works team in 1949, looked upon winning races as the most effective way to promote his product, and he viewed Wyer as the most effective way to win races. During his five years at Monaco, Wyer had developed an approach to racing. "I learned that it wasn't the lighthearted affair many people thought it was," he says. "Only a methodical, systematic approach could give results.

"Actually I looked on the job with Brown as a sort of short-term paid holiday. I'd do it for a year and then get on with something more serious."

One year somehow became 10 years, and Wyer developed a commandolike compact striking force of only two or three cars for his race teams. Occasionally members of his staff were also commandolike in bravery. A good example

continued

of the kind of dedication Wyer appreciates was provided during the 1952 Goodwood nine-hour race in England. One of the Aston Martin cars had pulled into the pit and then suddenly burst into a ball of flame while being serviced. Wyer and two of his mechanics were badly burned. The pit staff scattered for cover. All, that is, except Roh Walker, a sportsman later to become the patron of Stirling Moss and other leading drivers, who was helping out by timing one of the cars—the eventual winner—and was not going to lose track of his charge or be distracted in any way.

"When I came out of the hospital and examined Walker's time sheet months afterward," says Wyer, "I discerned no tremor at all in his neat, precise handwriting. The only indication of the disaster was the laconic marginal comment, 'No. 15 catches fire.' "

This kind of single-mindedness is fairly typical of what Wyer can generate in members of his staff. There are those unkind enough to imply that Wyer, like an Indian prince in a sedan chair, rides from success to success on the shoulders of an exceptionally able corps of assistants. For support his detractors cite the fact that at last year's Le Mans, when his GT40 nosed out a Porsche by 125 yards in that implausible upset, Wyer got the glory though he wasn't even there. True, Wyer stayed with Pieta, who was ill in the hospital, and kept in contact by phone. And don't knock it.

"If I've done my job properly I should, in theory, be able to stay at home and hear about it on the radio," Wyer happily admits. "I can leave the actual races to the people who do that for me, and they do that very well."

The two most important are John Horsman, a 35-year-old engineering graduate of Cambridge, who has worked under Wyer since the days at Aston Martin and is now his second in command, and David Yorke, 52, who won a DFC flying Hurricanes during World War II and joined Wyer three years ago as his race manager.

In a 24-hour race no driver can stay behind the wheel more than four consecutive hours. He must have an hour of rest between stints. Careless juggling of the two drivers can result in the best man sitting in the pits just when he is needed in the car or, worse, disqualification of the entire team. Yorke is rated one of the best in the world at this difficult job. "John builds the cars and David races the cars, and I just tell them what they're doing wrong," says Wyer.

Another knack of Wyer's is bending headstrong drivers to his will. Bad discipline can lose races, as Porsche discovered last year at Le Mans. Porsche had the best cars, and plenty of them, and a fine team of drivers, but lost to the slower GT40 just the same. One of Wyer's aides watched two Porsche drivers, early in the race, going like horizontal rockets down the backstraight at Le Mans, the three-mile stretch of France's Route N158 called the Mulsanne Straight.

"They were ripping down Mulsanne, hubcap to hubcap, doing close to 200 mph," he says. "They were so close together the two cars finally touched. One of them hurtled off the road, the driver was lucky to survive. The other kept on but broke down not long after and was out of the race. So Porsche lost two cars, mainly because they were trying to beat each other."

"I really began to understand drivers after I started at Aston Martin," Wyer said the other day while seated in the study of his snug white-brick cottage in Fulmer Chase, an hour's drive west of London. "I had previously thought that motor racing was rather like a school game in which the drivers would subordinate personal glory for the good of the team. I soon found out that they wouldn't. They were all individuals with strong personalities, which, of course, makes sense. If they weren't they wouldn't go in for something like motor racing. I learned that sometimes competition within a team can be stronger than the competition with the people you're running against. This is the thing you've got to overcome.

"With exceptions like Jackie Stewart, Graham Hill and Jacky Ickx, the best Formula 1 drivers, broadly speaking, don't make good long-distance drivers. What they really enjoy is the cut and thrust of Formula 1 racing, where they are driving very close to their own personal limit all the time. You've got to convince them that going flat out from the start is not the way long-distance races are won.

"The driver who was the greatest inspiration to any team was undoubtedly Stirling Moss," Wyer continued, drumming the sharp blade of a letter opener on the surface of his study desk as he recalled some of the drivers he has worked with. "He could drive in any sort of competition. Here you had a driver who every other driver recognized, without exception, as something else. He did things nobody else was able to try. He knew he was the best in the world and always made damn sure he got the best car, but even so he was good for morale, because if Stirling was driving *for* you it meant he wasn't driving *against* you.

"Ickx is one of the few drivers who is extremely good at both long-distance and Grand Prix racing. He can drive within his capacity and the capacity of the car and then go absolutely flat out, as he had to do for the final three hours last year to win at Le Mans."

Wyer finally left Aston Martin in 1963, not, he says, because Aston Martin had dropped racing, but because it did not build up the passenger-car side of the business as much as he would have liked.

"I felt we were not going to make real progress with our DB4 production car," he says. "It still remained something special for the few. I didn't want to mass-produce a cheap sports car, but I did want to make it available to a broader market."

Later that year Wyer signed a contract with Ford. This was the beginning of Dearborn's assault on Le Mans, then dominated by Enzo Ferrari and his bright-red cars. Ford planned to produce a new car, which subsequently became known as the GT (for Gran Turismo) 40 (it was 40 inches high). Under an umbrella called Ford Advanced Vehicles, Wyer would oversee the European racing program.

What happened after that constitutes one of the sagas of motor-racing history. In September 1963, with Wyer as general manager, Ford Advanced Vehicles began a crash program to get the GT40 ready for Sebring the following March.

"The GT40 was the most advanced car of its time in suspension, body shape and performance," says John Horsman. "It was one of the first of the cars to place the engine right behind the driver. It had great potential. The problem in the beginning was that it was unreliable—but if you stay with it you can make any car reliable."

Unreliable was the word. During the 1964 season the GT40 was entered in races at the Nürburgring, Le Mans, Rheims and Nassau. There were nine starters in all, and not a single one finished a race. Ferraris won at the Nürburgring and Rheims, finished one-two-three at Le Mans and won the manufacturers' championship to boot.

Panic in Dearborn. Vice-presidential memos and phone calls clogged the outboxes and the switchboard at the Ford division. Decision: bring the entire racing program back to the U.S., where it could be kept under tighter surveillance. Concentrate on a more powerful engine (up from 4.2 liters to 4.7). Start thinking about a far more powerful car (the seven-liter Mark II).

Wyer's role was reduced to building enough GT40s (50 of them) to qualify the car under the FIA's rules of homologation.

The next year was slightly better for Ford. First at Daytona, second at Sebring, third at Monza. But then there was disaster at Le Mans. Six Fords entered the 24 Hours and not one finished. Ferrari once again took the top three places. Now there was puzzled outrage in Dearborn. Ford's decision was to intensify the effort, spend more money, concentrate on the more powerful Mark II. The result was victories at Daytona and Sebring and a one-two-three finish at Le Mans (with Henry Ford II on hand to pour the champagne). Ford won the manufacturers' championship. There was victory at Le Mans again in '67, then retirement from sports car racing, the objective attained.

Meanwhile, back in the machine shop in Slough, Berkshire, that advocate of the compact striking force, John Wyer, was satisfied to be out of the Ford mainstream, the massive ebb and flow of Ford money, Ford cars, Ford vice-presidents. He was quietly feeding and grooming his pets and preparing to write the second part of the saga. In January 1967 Wyer purchased the assets of Ford Advanced Vehicles and severed his official connections with the company. With John Willment, a freewheeling entrepreneur, as a relatively silent financial partner, Wyer set up JW Automotive Engineering Ltd.

That year Wyer raced with some success a Ford prototype, the Mirage. In 1968, under the same special licensing arrangement with Ford, the firm prepared and raced three of the poor, neglected GT40s. Gulf Oil took over ownership of the cars, as it had the Mirage, and financed the racing program. Horsman was installed as second in command, and David Yorke was put in direct charge of the racing team. The results were fantastic. With the retirement of Ferrari from the sports car scene in 1967, Porsches had become the preeminent racers, but the three orphaned GT40s took them on, *grille to grille*, beating them at Le Mans and elsewhere and winning the manufacturers' title. More obsolete by the week, the GT40, of course, defeated Porsche again at Le Mans in 1969.

"Ford never gave the GT40 or the idea of a compact striking force a fair chance or enough time," Wyer insists. "I believe we could have won with the car in 1965. The feeling seemed to be that a 4.2-liter car was not powerful enough, but in fact a less powerful Ferrari did eventually win. The effort failed in 1965 because too many people had become involved, it had become too diversified. Ford finally won at Le Mans, but once the company began spending so much money and so much effort doing it the result was inevitable. As the saying goes, they didn't solve the problem, they trampled it to death. They proved that if you spend $7 million—about seven times what anyone else had ever spent—you can win at Le Mans."

But Porsche has not been reluctant to splatter the Deutsche Marks about, either. To be able to utilize up to a five-liter engine, it has had to build 25 carbon copies of the 917. The cost of each of the 917s is $70,000. Porsche will sell a few (at a loss) but even so will have invested $1 million before the cars have even gone racing. Fortunately Gulf Oil plans to continue its association with Wyer, and its contribution probably amounts to $350,000.

With Wyer, Horsman and Yorke at the controls, Porsche can expect to eliminate the errors that have plagued it the last two years: badly planned engineering, poor driver discipline. Already they seem to have eradicated the last major bug in the 917, one that Porsche engineers had been puzzling over for most of last year. The drivers found that the car handled erratically. When Horsman and Yorke took their first hard look at the 917 last November in tests at Zeltweg, Austria, they quickly found the reason why. "We noticed that there were no flyspecks on the tail of the car," says Horsman. "This meant that the tail was sloping down too sharply, that currents of air were not hitting it, not forcing the wheels into a firm position on the road. So we just raised up the tail. Suddenly the drivers enjoyed the car. Our lap times on the track immediately dropped from 1:48 to 1:43."

A month later at Daytona, in the midst of a 30-hour test, two of the 917s were hurtling around the track at lap times of 1:47 and change, almost five seconds under the official track record. Porsche, Wyer and his staff are obviously on the verge of an extremely successful year. Even so, as he looks ahead to the Daytona race and the season beyond, Wyer nurses his customary doubts about the whole business.

"It sometimes all seems so senseless," he said, recalling the way it was in the rain at Le Mans in 1968. At about 5 a.m. Wyer left the pits and went to the Welcome Inn, the race organization's tavern in the infield near the first turn, to shave and wash. He came out and walked over to the edge of the track to watch his Ford go by.

"The stands there were absolutely deserted," he said, "and the wind was sweeping the rain across the track in great, furious waves. And here were these cars driving round and round and round and not a soul watching them. I thought we all must be crazy to be there. I had to go straight back to the pits and get to work. I knew that if I had a real chance to think about it I probably would have got into my car and driven as far away as I could." END



It came as consummate glad tidings not long ago for the National Football League to learn that it was rated No. 1 in appeal to beer drinkers, high-mileage drivers, men over 18 years of age and people earning above $10,000 a year. What's more, the NFL was truly gratified to discover that it also has particular appeal as a television offering to people who are categorized as light viewers (as opposed to heavy viewers, who habitually undergo a catatonic immersion of 52 hours a week and must ultimately grow eyes like welder's goggles).

Once upon a time professional football would have been mighty pleased simply to rank No. 1 in football fans who paid for their tickets, and never mind their private lives and drinking habits. But these are years of profound complexity and remarkable risks. Without a solid consensus of beer drinkers and high-mileage drivers as support, the structure of the sport could turn soft indeed. Thus, Commissioner Pete Rozelle is sincerely pleased when he assesses the fortunes of pro football in this manner: "Our demographics are such that an advertiser who pays a higher cost-per-1,000 for sponsoring pro football really has a better buy than if he paid much less for another program. We have the advantage of being both news and entertainment, so our word-of-mouth profile is excellent. You don't find people telling their parking attendant, 'Wasn't Lassie magnificent putting out that forest fire last night?' "

In the age of Super Spectator the success of sports is properly discussed in this kind of swollen Newspeak, the gabble of the market researcher, advertising



PART 5:
TELEVISION AND SPORT

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

'YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT GETTING MAUDIE FRICKERT'

Anxious to make their play to men, the sellers of cars, insurance, travel, cigarettes, razors, tires and long-lasting heads eagerly pay a premium price to spread sports—and their commercials—across the land

director, media specialist, cost efficiency consultant, etc., not to mention demographics . . . cost-per-1,000 . . . word-of-mouth profile . . . keen merchandising potential. One can almost hear the tap, tap of pointers against sales charts. Will the Masters *really* increase Cadillac sales? Is the NBA too blue-collar to sell Chryslers? What is the outlook for peddling antileak antifreeze with the Stanley Cup playoffs? Can the Rose Bowl truly sell more deodorant than a John Wayne movie? Is the World Series honestly a best-buy vehicle for shaving cream?

Yes, the sale is the thing, and televised sports are essentially an adjunct of commerce. Yet in the tangled web of cause and effect generated by the age of Super Spectator, there are influences loosed upon the land that do not quite fit definition or justification in terms of dollar return or sales production or profit margin or the damned demographics. Televised sports are creating changes in the patterns of our lives. No one bothers to really look—aside from the inspection of sales figures—at what is happening out there on the other end of the tube. It is time to look.

continued

Some points of true value and some hours of profound enjoyment have been brought by televised sports to the environs of Rice County Highway 16, which is the major road through Morristown, Minn., now that State Highway 60 bypasses the village. Ask Irv Schumacher, for one. He is 46, towering tall, bald as a pullet's egg and owner of Irv's Bar, which is just across Highway 16 from Babe Nordmeier's Chevy agency. Irv has quite a good business. Even in the bright mornings of this past October the screen door slammed frequently as farmers stopped by for a shot or a beer to clear up an early cough or throw off a lingering chill. After a pause for thought, Irv Schumacher pronounces TV sports to be of a slightly higher order than the average program. "I'd say the kids around here have higher goals and ideals and stuff because of what they watch on TV," he says. "They ain't going to go out and be the next President of the U.S. necessarily because of it, but they do learn that you have to put out before you can expect to win. They see the superstars, you know, and they see that those fellows put out all the time and that's why they're great. It's the kind of lesson you can tell a kid and tell a kid, but it don't really make a dent until he sees it."

Morristown is a rural hamlet of 670 people on the plains of southern Minnesota, 65 miles south of Minneapolis. Cornfields reach into the village limits, old tire swings dangle from the boughs of backyard trees, and the water tank, a point-capped cylinder perched high on spindly legs of steel, is the only structure in town rising above the treetops. Well, almost. There is a church steeple or two and a thicket of TV antennae, frail pipes bolted to roof beams that reach up to bring down the latest sound and newest pictures from Saigon or Shea Stadium or beautiful downtown Burbank. Along the washboard roads outside town, fields stretch in mammoth patchwork to the horizon a few miles away. Farms are dotted at random across the distance, each an island in the gentle rolls of the land: a clump of trees, a barn, a silo, perhaps a windmill and, of course, the TV antenna upon the farmhouse roof.

Some things don't change in 30 or 40 years around towns like Morristown. Fat orange school buses still roll through an autumn dusk, and the cheery oompahs of Whoopee John or Harold Loeffelmacher and his Six Fat Dutchmen are considered good music. At high school football games the crowd still strolls the sidelines keeping pace with the action, and the bank is always open on Saturdays, that being the day farmers flock into town. But other things are different, for Morristown is today a typical wired-up, plugged-in, turned-on neighborhood in Marshall McLuhan's Global Village. Farmers have transistor radios on their tractors now; no lonely corn picker or wheat combiner needs to tell time by the sun with a disc jockey from Minneapolis pinpointing it every five minutes. While they are milking in the barns, radios above the stalls sing out with music, news and commercials for Black Angus bulls ("About ready for a new bull? Get one that breeds more red meat! Less gristle! Less brisket! Buy Black Angus!"). And in the cool night when the chores are done, the glow of the tube fills the parlors and there is Walter Cronkite or Phyllis Diller or a Texas marching band come to visit.

Morristown is Super Spectator in the flesh, demographics with a beating heart. Here, for example, is Lowell Rasmussen, porkier now at 35 than when he was a 12-letter man for the Morristown High School Comets. Lowell runs the local Mobil station. He has his name stitched in red thread above the pocket of his blue coveralls, but he says it isn't necessary because he doesn't serve more than a dozen transient customers a month now that State Highway 60 bypasses Morristown. "My business is with my friends," he says. Lowell stays open 12 hours a day, and the passing time is marked by an electric 7-Up clock, by a calendar advertising an auto-parts outfit and bearing the painting of a cheerful, undressed lady, and, yes, by a constant flickering flow of tiny gray images on the 11-inch screen of his TV set.

"Well, I don't look all the time," says Lowell. "But it's like having company in the background when no one is around. I never miss anything that has to do with sports, though. I've been a fan of everything since I was 10 years old, and there's never been anything quite like sports on TV. When I was a



The rural horizon: telephone poles, farmhouse, tree, barn, windmill, silo and, above them all, TV's antennae.

kid I used to dig around for every newspaper clipping and every magazine story I could find. I'd cut out pictures and keep charts and listen to the radio and imagine a whole game in my head. But the kids now, they get to see it like it really is. And you should see them—little rascals in third and fourth grade—out playing football in a field, and they'll be fading to pass and pumping their arms like John Unitas. I see them, but I can't believe it. They're better at their games than we ever were; they can copy the superstars because they can see them."

And here is Rick Ellingworth, 15, a rather frail, good-looking boy who plays quarterback for the Morristown Comets. This is not exactly a superstar situation, for Morristown High has only 120 students, and even though the football coach, Mike McGovern, has installed such relatively sophisticated elements as a wing-T offense and a stunting defense, things never really crackle with big-time tension around the Comets. For example, Quarterback Ellingworth is given two audible signals to call at the line of scrimmage. If he sees the defense shift and he wants the play moved to the right he shouts "Gladys!" For left he yells "Jeanette!" Those are the names of the girl friends of two Comet players. Ellingworth is a farm boy who drives a pickup truck to and from football practice and arises each morning at 5 o'clock to milk 50 cows before school. In a setting as old as agriculture, the visions of a Super Spectator prevail. "When I'm doing chores," says Rick, "I'm always thinking about my roll-outs and sprint-outs, about the way I seen Staubach do 'em, and Tarkenton. I think about Bart Starr, and I try to think how I'll do some eye-fakes when I'm going to pass. Like Starr. I think about how Joe Namath plays, how great he is. Not the way he lives—not that, because Namath does things he probably shouldn't do. But I can just see in my mind the stop-action of him dropping back and the way he gets rid of the ball so quick." There you have it—images of the hobbled grace of Joe Namath back to pass amid the morning milking in a Minnesota barn, an astounding combination of hero worship and the learning process that did not exist before TV sport came to Morristown.

Here, too, is Stanley Peroutka, 46, who has managed the Land O'Lakes creamery in Morristown for 25 years and has watched the changes. "It used to be that my farmers would come in with their milk in the mornings and the talk would be about the weather and the crops and maybe a bad word for Harry Truman or Henry Wallace. Farmers didn't give a damn about sports a few years ago. They wouldn't go to no high school games, and they wouldn't let their sons go out for sports either because it took them away from the farm. My farmers didn't know a touchback from a touchdown. But you should hear them now in the mornings. They're talking zig-outs and flare passes and blitzes like Bud Wilkinson or something. A lot of them like baseball best though, because they understand it a little better. Now that we got the Twins, there's a real strong baseball following here. I think there's even more people going to our Sunday town-team games. I know that a lot of my farmers at the creamery go up to five, six Twin games a year. Ten years ago these guys never even seen a town game, and now they're at the big leagues all the time."

So the Land O'Lakes creamery has become big-league territory. The Twins, the Vikings and the North Stars belong to Stan Peroutka's farmers. In Irv's Bar you can see a schedule tacked up showing that the Morristown Comets will take on the Ellendale Raiders, the Medford Tigers and the Blooming Prairie Blossoms. And next to it is another schedule: the Vikings vs. the Packers, vs. the Lions, vs. the Bears. . . . It is a wedding of two worlds, the majors and Morristown living happily ever after.

It is a fine gift that the farmers, the bartenders and the quarterbacks living along Highway 16 have received. Superficially the giver is television, for neither the Twins nor the Vikings could survive without their TV revenues. Yet the real origins of the gift lie across a chasm of time, space and motivation in places far from the rows of men in bib overalls on the stools in Irv's Bar, far from the network executives at Toots Shor's bar, far from Rick Ellingworth's barn, far from the spacious suites of Pete Rozelle and Bowie Kuhn.

In South Boston is a factory, huge and blocky. It is built of bricks and glass and looks like any other industrial complex. Its distinguishing characteristic—until its occupant recently outgrew the premises—was a smell. Quite a nice fragrance, if rather too palpable, hung over an area of several square blocks. It was a familiar aroma, familiar because it was the scent of the nation's top-selling underarm antiperspirant spray: Right Guard deodorant. This was the place: 90 million cans of Right Guard turned out each year. Just being near the spot—an honest-to-goodness deodorant plant—made one feel almost reverent. For isn't this the symbolic center of American life in the late 20th century, a kind of pop shrine in an age when every living American has been alerted (at last!) to the desperate need to seem clean?



Out in the cowshed: milking and the bomb.

Deodorant was not the only issue of the place, for this was and still is the headquarters of the Gillette Safety Razor Company. Right Guard is merely a late addition to the traditional razors-and-blades business of this esteemed old firm. No company has had more influence on the early advancement of sports through MassCom than Gillette. Long before Right Guard was helping underwrite the World Series, the company was selling its blades to men who enjoyed sport. As far back as 1915, Gillette was running baseball scores in its newspaper

continued

ads. By 1929 a favorite radio feature on the NBC Blue Network was Gillette's Graham McNamee reading *The Sports News Review*. In 1935 Gillette got in on its first major sports broadcast when it sponsored the Max Baer-Jim Braddock fight and launched a far-reaching merchandising plot that kept the fight—and Gillette—before the radio-listening public for weeks.

"We have always merchandised the devil out of our relationship with sport," says Al Leonard, Gillette's public-relations manager, who has been affiliated with the firm's promotion and advertising creations for 40 years. "The Baer fight was only one of the first." For 26 weeks prior to the match, Gillette had Max Baer playing a private eye in a radio drama called *Lucky Smith*. Beyond that, Gillette launched a national contest to name Max Baer's dog. There were more than 250,000 entries, and the first prize of $1,000 went for the name Livermore Gay Blade. But Max Baer lost the fight, and Gillette did not plunge into action sports again until the summer of 1939 when a man named A. Craig Smith (no relation to Lucky) was the advertising manager of the firm. Smith was a brilliant idea man who had come to Gillette when the company was under the direction of Gerard Lambert, whose name should live as long as men breathe because he engraved the term "halitosis" upon the world's consciousness during an earlier stint as the head of Listerine. Craig Smith led Gillette into its halcyon days as sport's No. 1 commercial backer.

In the summer of 1939 Craig Smith sat down with Baseball Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis and arranged to pay $100,000 for the radio rights to the World Series of that year. Eager to capitalize on what was, for those depressed days, a major investment, Smith took a 49¢ cardboard pack of razor and blades that Gillette had introduced the year before and ordered a special batch of World Series wrappers printed up bearing the picture of Yankee Third Baseman Red Rolfe. He flooded Gillette's retail outlets with the package and sat back to wait. During the Series the company bombarded the world with 16 commercials per game, but disaster struck: the Yankees knocked off the Reds in four straight. Gloom descended on Gillette, for the company had gotten absolutely minimum advertising exposure for its $100,000 adventure. Smith was disconsolate. But then sales figures began arriving in Boston and—eureka! "We couldn't believe our eyes," says Al Leonard. "Sales were up 350%. It wasn't even a new product and here were these fantastic records coming in. We didn't wait: we went running all over the country to buy every major sports event we could find."

Gillette wound up doing the Orange Bowl, Cotton Bowl and Sugar Bowl in 1940, plus the Kentucky Derby, the World Series again, and on Dec. 8, 1940—for the grand sum of $2,500—the National Football League championship. That unforgettable game was carried by 117 stations of the Mutual Network, and it led sport-page Cassandras to predict the early death of pro football as a viable entertainment because George Halas had allowed his Chicago Bears to eradicate the Redskins 73–0.

Over the next 20 years no single commercial concern was more closely associated with sport broadcasts than Gillette. It invested heavily in the birth of the American Football League by buying a quarter sponsorship of each game in those ungainly early days, and until 1965 it owned the radio-TV rights to the World Series. Probably Gillette's best-remembered television involvement was its Friday-night fight series. In a 20-year period the company sponsored no fewer than 600 boxing matches on television. Gillette was insistent on continuing its electronic bouts long after both the public and the networks had begun to express dismay over the forlorn caliber of the fights—as well as the unscrupulous characters promoting major matches. Not until 1964 did Gillette finally cancel its boxing programs, and then it was reluctant to do so. "We simply could not clear enough stations, although we pounded the table as hard as we could," says Leonard. "Boxing was not in vogue. But we had splendid profiles from our National Shaving Habit Study, which surveyed 3,000 homes twice a year, showing that fight fans were using Gillette blades more than almost any other group. Finally we had to give in. Granted hindsight, we might have made it a Fight of the Month instead of a Fight of the Week."

In the past three or four years, Gillette has given up its supremacy in sponsoring the mass communication of sports. No longer does a nation thrill to the words, "The Gillette Cavalcade of Sports Is on the Air!" And all those fine old commercial phrases—"How're Ya Fixed for Blades" and "Look Sharp, Feel Sharp, Be Sharp"—have vanished along with the hyperthyroid parrot that did the soft-shoe dance.

But Gillette is still very big in TV sports. The company spends some $10 million a year. "We're not alone anymore," says Al Leonard. "We're only one of many advertisers on an event. There is no way we could possibly afford to buy an entire major event, or even enough of it to get the product identification we once did."

Times change and, while the fragrance of antiperspirant rises into the sky, Gillette does much of its selling in that nether ground known as prime-time television. These are the dark hours when the largest audiences are staring at the tube and the average cost of commercials is $765 per *second*. During this period the knobs on Super Spectator's electric connection with the world are essentially controlled by women (at least, that is what advertising geniuses believe). Prime time is when you market shampoo, headache potions, padded brassieres, eye makeup and a boundless stock of creams, pastes, gargles, liquids, goos, glues, tubes, fluids, juices, serums, pulps, puddings, syrups, gels, emulsions, washes and rinses, as well as razors, tonics and deodorants. Many admen scorn the prime-time audience, calling its millions Banana-Eaters, a term that derives from the alltime high ratings of *Bonanza*, which is known in the trade as Bananas. One caustic agency executive defines Banana-Eaters as "old men, shut-ins, mitten knitters, Goldwater voters and collie dogs who should know better."

Much of the buying of prime-time commercials is done with a kind of MIRV approach called "scatter planning." This means that a series of commercials for a product is scattered over a nearly random range of time slots, perhaps covering all three networks and eight or nine different shows.

Such an advertising campaign is geared almost totally to quantity. Much of TV sports coverage, on the other hand,

is bought with a different rationale in mind—not quantity of audience, but quality. The cost per 1,000—on a household basis—of sports programming is often double that of routine prime-time shows. The aristocratic price scale (as much as $200,000 per minute for the 1970 Super Bowl) scares away many of the impulse packagers but not a somewhat classier kind of advertiser who is anxious to reach a different level of viewer—airlines, insurance companies, banks, AT&T and auto manufacturers, as well as the essentially male products such as oil, gasoline, tires and beer. John DeLorean, general manager of the Chevrolet Division of General Motors, says: "The difference in paying $7 a thousand for sports and under $4 a thousand for Bananas is well worth it to us. You know you're not reaching Maudie Frickert. You're reaching men, the guys who make the decision to buy a car. Another major factor is that most of our dealers are sports fans. We feel that it is almost as important to get our message to them as to our customers."

It is a competitor of DeLorean's, the Chrysler Corporation, that has replaced Gillette as the champion of sports advertisers. Chrysler spent $12.5 million last year to sell Chargers and Challengers and Barracudas and Darts and Imperials within the purview of sports. So important is Chrysler money to TV sport that Dick Forbes, the corporation's advertising director, has become something of a sports celebrity himself. During the 1969 World Series he was introduced and pictured on NBC television; he shared a box with former Chief Justice Earl Warren, NBC President Julian Goodman and Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. Last summer, when the NBC *Game of the Week* was televised from the stadium of the Minnesota Twins, the director was appalled to learn that the Twins customarily used a Mustang to ferry relief pitchers in from the bullpen. He insisted that the Mustang not be used while NBC-TV was there. "Dick Forbes has contributed too much to sports to be embarrassed by seeing a competitor's car on his telecast," said the director. Relief pitchers walked that day.

In 1968, at the time of NBC's cataclysmic gaffe in the name of *Heidi*, the first person that NBC Sports Vice-President Carl Lindemann Jr. called in the chaotic moments after the little goat girl shut out the Jets was—yes—Dick Forbes. After Lindemann's unstinting apologies, Forbes exploded: "Carl, you know we always go to completion. It's in the damned contract that we *never* interrupt an event. Carl, dammit, I hate to say it, but you have handled this situation like an amateur!" And Lindemann continued to apologize. . . .

A genial, good-natured fellow—without a *Heidi* crisis at hand—Dick Forbes would never encourage the idea that he be treated with obsequious concern or velvet care. But the money he spends does help support a broad spectrum of sport—including the *Game of the Week*, the World Series, the Rose Bowl, the entire AFL and the Bob Hope Desert Classic. Assuredly, there is a margin of gratefulness to Dick Forbes all the way from Broadcast Row to Irv Schumacher's Morristown bar. Yet Forbes is irked at any suggestion that his $12.5 million could be construed as a contribution to the advancement of sport. "Maybe we help keep baseball alive and football healthier," he says, "but we would never consider it if it were not a sound business proposition, a sensible investment. Sport offers Chrysler a selective audience of males. We can reach the 18-to-49 age group, the family-oriented man, the young-minded man. There is prestige for Chrysler in having the product associated with these events. Sport is a splendid environment for our commercials, because when a man is going to buy a big-ticket item like a car, he wants to know that he is dealing with a prestige company. Sport is a wholesome, clean, healthy setting for our product. There is no serious controversy involved, no dissent. I would rather have my commercials follow Curt Gowdy than Huntley-Brinkley. And that is why we are in sport."

Chrysler has been investing heavily in TV sports since 1961. It was one of the first advertisers on the AFL and was instrumental in giving the new league a lease on life. "It was embarrassing for us to be associated with the AFL in some of those awful early games," says Forbes. "But we had the guts to stay with it. Naturally, it did us no good at all in markets like Chicago and Los Angeles, but we were the hottest ticket of all in towns like Kansas City and Oakland. Our dealers were ecstatic. What merchandising we were able to work out then! Players visiting the dealerships and other tie-ins. Yes, we were pretty sure the AFL would make it eventually. The owners were young and wealthy. It was just a matter of time."

The AFL contract is now among the most valuable in sports. Chevrolet's DeLorean would dearly like to get some commercials on either the NFL or the AFL telecasts but believes there is no way. "Chrysler's got one league sewed up, and Ford owns the other," he says. "So we're doing the best we can with college football and golf and the rest of the stuff."

Significantly, the sales volume at

continued



The advertiser dreams of knowing what the man on the other end of the tube is up to.

Chrysler has climbed in the years the firm has advertised with sports. At least this seems significant, but there are few certainties in advertising, few verities. "The resurgence of Chrysler has come in the years since we've bought a lot of sports," says Forbes. "But who can say that is the reason? In this business, finding any definite correlation between advertising and sales results is our Holy Grail. We have no precise way to relate the impact of an ad campaign to how much we sell. There are too many variables."

Yes, how to correlate a television advertisement and subsequent sales? For no useful statistical purpose, some people in Morristown, Minn. were asked how their buying habits related to what they saw advertised on TV sports programs. Though Detroit may consider the NFL Ford property and the AFL owned by Chrysler, no one in Morristown could think of an auto manufacturer who sponsored *any* telecasts. John Oys, 35, the superintendent of schools, did say, "I imagine Ford is buying pro football time since they seem to have all the—heh, heh—better ideas." Stanley Peroutka at the creamery said it did not matter that he couldn't recall which cars were sold because he would never be swayed by television commercials anyway. "It don't make any difference what they say. I'm buying Chevys and I'm buying them from Babe Nordmeier here in town. In a place like Morristown, if you don't buy a Chevy from Babe, if you don't stick with the home-town boys, you are a horse's hind end." Lowell Rasmussen at the Mobil station said he did not know whether Mobil Oil's big expenditure in TV sports on behalf of "detergent gasoline" helped his volume. He did say that his pals had begun to kid him about the Mobil commercials in which an automobile owner is constantly trying to wash his motor. "They tell me they're going to the Laundromat in Faribault for their lube jobs," Lowell says, with a weak grin. And Irv Schumacher served up a whiskey and ginger ale to a man just in from hunting ducks that morning and said, "I don't think I'd buy something just because of what is said about it on television. But I'll say this, there are getting to be quite a few things I don't touch with a 10-foot pole because I've been so damned perturbed by the commercials they put on television."

Perhaps there are no definitive answers to be found in Morristown. Still, we must ask many questions—strange questions—before we approach the truth of the television-sport world in the '70s. Would there be Minnesota Twins if there were no mentholated cigarettes? Would there be Saints or Padres or Royals or Dolphins or Bucks if there were no antileak antifreeze or supermileage gasoline or greaseless hair tonic? Could the Vikings survive without Polyglas tires? Could the Mets have won without lime-scented shaving cream or Arnie have been so bold if it were not that United flies friendly skies? Maybe yes, maybe no. Only one thing is certain. Dick Forbes spends $12.5 million. John DeLorean is confident sport brings the audience that Chevrolet wants. Yet it is not difficult to find television and sport executives who wonder if there are enough corporations willing to pay the premium to support major league sports in the manner to which they have so quickly become accustomed. They fear the commercial base for sports TV may dwindle away, that the price for rights will drop, the fiscal structure be undermined and the prosperity sapped from sport itself. This is why the statesmen of sport do not rest easy as they look to the '70s. Through them, sport has allied itself, irrevocably, with television. No longer can the man who pays his way into a stadium assure the success—or even existence—of his teams with his dollars, or with his fervor. As things now stand, the future of big-time athletics depends upon the whims, the quirks, the guesses and the goals of salesmen, product engineers, labor officials, economic analysts. Yes, absurd as it seems, sports fans must root almost as much for a good business climate as for a good clutch hitter so that TV's millions keep rolling in. We must trust that the skies of United never turn surly, that Schlitz does not lose its head, that Travelers finds no leaks in its umbrella, that Chevrolet does not decide Maudie Frickert holds the checkbook after all, that Ford won't build another Edsel. We must root for the gross national product, hope our linebackers can dam the gold drain and pray that Dow Jones will win 20 games at least.

Television has carried sport into the golden era of Super Spectator, but at the same time has come a life and death dependence on the dollars of commerce. Major league sport has sold itself beyond the capacity to control its own destiny. All it can do now is hope that it will be well treated. **END**



The ceremony is over, the dowry collected and now, 'til death do them part. . . .

"It was our first vacation alone in twelve years.

Dick felt so bad about losing our money, I did my best to pretend it didn't really matter."



Dick and June Stanley were hardly what you'd call experienced travelers—so they took along cash instead of American Express Travelers Cheques.

The third afternoon in Miami Dick's wallet disappeared. He blamed it on himself—said it must have fallen out of a jacket he'd draped over his shoulder. In any event, good-bye $320.

The Stanleys decided there was nothing to do but pack up and go home.

It didn't have to happen.

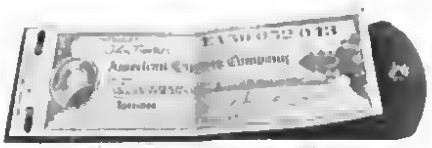
Suppose the Stanleys had lost American Express Travelers Cheques instead of cash. Then they could have gone to the local American Express office or representative—we're all over the U.S.—and got their missing Cheques replaced. Result—one vacation rescued.

Even on weekends and holidays in the U.S., American Express can arrange an emergency refund up to $100 to tide you over. (Just call Western Union Operator 25.)

Only American Express gives refunds 365 days a year.

Our Cheques are good everywhere—at restaurants, hotels, motels, gas stations, nightclubs, stores—both here and abroad.

You can get American Express Travelers Cheques where



American Express Travelers Cheques—the money you can't really lose.

you bank for just 1¢ for every dollar's worth.

Which means that for $3.20, Dick and June Stanley could have saved themselves a lot of grief.

American Express Travelers Cheques

AMERICAN EXPRESS.

FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

The other side of 'The Y'

Mormon policy is one thing, the views of BYU's team are another, and the differences are quite surprising by WILLIAM F. REED

So far the basketball season at Brigham Young University has hardly been anything to climb the nearby Wasatch Mountains and shout about. Ending a 10-game ordeal on the road, the Cougars last week limped home to Provo, Utah with a 4-10 record, one of the worst starts in Stan Watts' lengthy coaching career. That was depressing enough, of course, but the boys from "The Y"—which is what everybody in Utah calls Brigham Young—also were bedeviled by a special problem: a gathering wave of protest against a recently reaffirmed doctrine of the Mormon Church that Negroes be denied admission to priesthood. As much as the Cougars would like to ignore them, the protests have grown in intensity to the point where they have almost transcended all else.

"You try not to think about it," said one of the Cougars, "but it does affect your play. Sometimes there are phone calls—'Look out, we're going to get you'—and other threats. And there's always tension in the stands."

"The thing that worries me and the boys," said Watts, a balding, plump man of 58 who seems sadly puzzled by the times, "is how far will it go?" Then, leaning over and lowering his voice, he added, "One of these days, you know, somebody might pull a gun or something."

The protests are not rooted in basketball, or in any sport, but in the attitude toward Negroes of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which runs The Y and claims 96% of its students as members. The doctrine that men with black skin are not qualified to enter the church's priesthood was incorporated in the writings of Prophet-Founder Joseph Smith, which Mormons believe were direct revelations from God. Since membership in the priesthood and advancement through its ranks is the essence of being a male Mormon, the church has been condemned as racist by various civil rights groups, which see in athletics a quick, effective way to dramatize the issue and attract widespread attention.

The basketball team's problems began last season at New Mexico, where several blacks charged on the floor and gave the Black Power salute during the national anthem. This season's protests have included the wearing of black wristbands by some San Jose State players, the booing of The Y's dancing Cougarettes during the Quaker City Tournament in Philadelphia and the throwing of eggs on the floor at Arizona State. By far the most serious trouble, however, came on January 8, when the Cougars went to Tucson to play in Arizona's old Bear Down Gymnasium.

Disorder developed after the Arizona president, in a strongly worded statement, refused to cancel the game on the grounds that the issue was irrelevant to an athletic contest. Vandals poured lighter fluid on the gym floor and set it afire, causing $100 damage. About 50 protesters, yelling, "Stop the game," tried to ram down the gym's main entrance, only to be stopped by a solid line of police and security guards. All five Arizona starters—three of them black—wore black wristbands. With 1:40 left in the first half, nine blacks walked on the floor, temporarily stopping play. Arizona eventually won 90–77.

Going virtually unnoticed in all the uproar was the most intriguing fact of all: the Arizona coach, Bruce Larson, is a bishop in the Mormon Church, so, in effect, the Wildcat players and fans were protesting against their own coach. This is only one of the ambiguities involved in a highly confusing situation that is getting fuzzier all the time. On the individual level, nobody knows for sure who sympathizes with what. Even on the Brigham Young team, five of the 12 varsity members not only do not belong to the Mormon Church but have some surprising ideas about the church's policy and the protests.

There is Jim Miller, for instance. He is a 6′ 5″ junior, a starting guard, with the slouchy insolence of a Steve McQueen. At Las Vegas, where he was All-State three years, Miller was the only white player on his team's starting five. A non-Mormon, he came to Brigham Young because of its national schedule and because there seemed to be a good chance he would play.

"I don't know that much about church doctrine, but as far as calling the institution racist, well, I think most whites are racist," Miller said. "I went to school and played ball with blacks. When I go home now, I feel a little uneasy about saying where I go to school. Sometimes I just don't tell.

"I think the protesters have a lot of legitimate gripes. I'm just wondering what they can achieve, what their motives really are. I think they have a legitimate argument in many ways. If some good comes out of it, then I would say it's all right."

Veikko Vainio, a 6′ 9″ junior center who came to The Y out of Kotka, Finland, is blond and blue-eyed, married to a BYU coed and the father of a son, 3½ months old. He is embarrassed by the situation.

"I have to represent the school," he says, "but I see the cause, too. I had never been taught any kind of racial discrimination, and I can't see any justification for it. The church tries to justify it, but it's not enough for me.

"I've already told my son that the worst thing that can happen to him is to grow up in Provo. It's like living in a little box, no outside influences. That's one of the main reasons why I'm going back to Finland after I graduate. Sometimes I get so discouraged with the school and its standards that I feel I might want to go home now, but I'm happy, especially since I got married. I think I've opened my wife's eyes, gotten her to see the other point of view. She is a Mormon, but now I've gotten her to read more and accept more things. I can't see any basis for discrimination, religious or racial or otherwise."

Then there is Larry DeLaittre, a 6′ 7″ junior forward from Simi, Calif. His married older sister is so active in the NAACP that she pleaded with Larry not to attend Brigham Young. He did, nevertheless, because he felt he could play regularly, but his sister's influence is still strong.



JIM MILLER TRIES TO FAKE UTAH STATE'S NATE WILLIAMS (22) IN THE Y'S LOSS

"I get phone calls from her almost every week, wanting to know if it's really *that* bad," said DeLaittre. "I really do sympathize with the protesters because I've been brought up that way. I feel sorry for anybody like that—Indians, blacks. I see their point and I really get uptight when we come out and I see the cold stares. I want to grab hold of somebody and yell, 'I'm Catholic, I'm *Catholic*.'"

The Cougars got on a chartered bus last Thursday and rode 125 miles up the Wasatch Range to Logan, Utah, where they played Utah State University that night. The boos were only perfunctory and in honor of an ancient and bitter rival. This was immensely relieving to the Utah State coach, LaDell Andersen, who is also a Mormon, and not very surprising to the Cougars. "Logan is a lot like Provo—predominantly Mormon," said DeLaittre before the game.

Nevertheless, Utah State's best players—All-America Forward Marv Roberts and Forward Nate Williams—are black, and they admitted to being especially pleased with the Aggies' 97–94 victory. "The Y is not just another ball club," said Roberts. "When you play The Y, it's a special challenge to the black players. You try harder, you try to beat this thing by beating their pants off on the court."

"I don't like some of the rules they put down," said Williams, "but it's a private institution and they're free to do what they want. If they don't want blacks, then I don't want to go there. But I play my heart out against them. What they're saying is the white athlete is the best athlete, and I want to prove that's not necessarily so."

There is hope in Provo that a new divine revelation may, in the next decade, admit blacks to the priesthood. The death Sunday of President David McKay, the church's 96-year-old president and revelator, could open the way to such a revelation. Polygamy, once a pillar of Joseph Smith's theological structure, was outlawed as the result of a revelation in 1890. If the black barrier should similarly be eliminated, nobody will be happier than The Y's athletic department. As Watts says, "I've always felt the field of competition is the wrong place to settle racial or religious issues." Amen, coach, amen.

THE WEEK

by PETER CARRY

WEST With Santa Clara and San Francisco splitting a home-and-home series, surprising Pacific, 4-0 in the West Coast Athletic Conference, took over the league lead as it beat St. Mary's twice, 98–73 and 101–59. Bill Stricker scored 30 points in the first win; the Tigers outrebounded the Gaels 62–37 in the rematch. A lineup of senior Center Pete Cross and four sophomores won 70–64 at home for USF as Guard Terry Senn scored 14 of 15 free throws in the second half against the Broncos. Despite fouling out with nine minutes to play, Cross outrebounded Santa Clara's tough Dennis Awtrey, and Dons' Forward Johnny Burks outscored the Bronco's Ralph Ogden 21–20. Three nights later at Santa Clara, USF's free-throw shooting turned foul as the Dons lost 72–60. They missed five consecutive one-and-one chances at the close of the first half and then lost a three-point edge late in the second period when Santa Clara reeled off eight straight points.

Oregon State, which opened the week last in the Pacific Eight, suddenly looked like a contender after easy wins over Washington and Washington State. The Beavers blistered the Huskies with a 62% shooting average and stymied them with a tight zone defense as they won 60–47. Against Washington State, OSU scored the final 16 points of the first half to build an insurmountable 33–17 lead and then coasted to an 80–65 victory.

Brigham Young and Utah visited their state's best team, Utah State, and each nearly came away with a victory. The Cougars led by 10 points before the Aggies shifted to an aggressive man-to-man defense, forced 14 turnovers and rallied for their 97–94 win. The Redskins pushed State into overtime, but they lost 106–98.

Weber State jumped into the Big Sky Conference lead with a 120–72 home-court win over Gonzaga and a pair of road victories at Montana State, 73–70 and 66–52. The two wins away from home put Weber one up on its toughest Big Sky rival, Idaho State. The best the Bengals could do after beating Idaho 79–75 was split back-to-back road games at Montana, losing the opener 81–73 and taking the second game 96–89.

New Mexico State, which earlier had won by 30 points against Hardin-Simmons on the road, needed Jimmy Collins' six consecutive field goals in the second half to defeat the Cowboys at Las Cruces 83–75. Texas at El Paso jumped ahead in the Western Athletic Conference with thumping 73–59 and 108–64 wins over Arizona and Arizona State.

1. UCLA (12-0) 2. NEW MEXICO ST. (15-1)

EAST There are, Davidson Coach Terry Holland thanks the good Lord, no more saints on the regular-season schedule. His Wildcats, 11-2 and beaten earlier by St. John's, lost last week to St. Joseph's 90–81. Guard Danny Kelly fired in 33 points for the Hawks, including 15 in the last 11 minutes, while Mike Hauer added 27 and, more important, held Davidson's Mike Maloy to only 13.

continued



just mention my name

The Hawks, no longer blessed, lost 89–80 to Georgetown, which also downed Columbia 72–68, a team it had lost to the year before by 41 points. The Hoyas came from 10 behind in the second half as sophomore substitute Mike Laughna scored 18 points.

Previously unbeaten Niagara was a double-upset victim. Villanova's "ball" defense held Calvin Murphy to three points under his average, the Wildcats' Howard Porter scored 32 points and grabbed 18 rebounds and Fran O'Hanlon recorded 12 assists as the Philadelphians topped the Purple Eagles 102–92. Niagara then lost to St. Peter's 77–73.

Wake Forest, trailing by as many as 16 points in the first half at North Carolina, stormed back to upset the Tar Heels 91–90 despite Charles Scott's 43 points. John Lewkowicz of the Deacons dropped in two free throws with four seconds remaining to clinch the victory.

Still, the week's biggest upset belonged to little Stetson, which trapped Missouri Valley Conference favorite Louisville at Orlando 87–80.

South Carolina stayed atop the Atlantic Coast Conference with a 63–42 win over Virginia, then added a 59–56 victory over nonleague opponent Furman.

1. S. CAROLINA (12-1) 2. ST. BONA (10-0)

MIDWEST

Al Williams is the only starter back from the Drake team that finished third in the NCAA tournament in March, and no one except Coach Maury John figured the Bulldogs could repeat as Missouri Valley Conference champion. But last week, with six junior-college stars from as far away as Rockville Centre, N.Y. and Houston replacing graduated players, Drake defeated Bradley 65–55 and Cincinnati 63–57 to stay on top in the MVC. The transfers, already feeling right at home, combined with Williams to shoot 55% in the second period and pull away from a halftime tie with the Braves. Against the Bearcats, New York's Jeff Halliburton scored two baskets in the closing minutes to snuff out a Cincinnati rally that had cut Drake's lead from 15 points to two.

At the tail end of the Missouri Valley race, Memphis State reluctantly kept alive its unhappy streak. The Tigers lost 77–61 to Tulsa for their 26th consecutive league defeat over three seasons. In the three years it has been a member of the MVC, Memphis State has won just one conference game.

After losing to Drake, Bradley faced UCLA at Chicago in a game that shaped up as a rout. The star of the Braves is 5'4" Frankie Sylvester, and players that size are hardly the sort to intimidate the tall Bruins. But Bradley Coach Joe Stowell turned to the slowdown offense that had bothered UCLA before, and his team, shooting only 19 times in the first half, led at intermission 30–26. Then the Uclans, also as before, edged ahead in the second period for a 61–56 victory. The next night they defeated Loyola of Chicago 94–72.

While defending champion Colorado lost its Big Eight opener to Nebraska 60–58, Kansas State took a stronger hold on the league lead by winning 71–64 on the Cornhuskers' court. The Wildcats next defeated St. Francis (Pa.) 78–71.

1. HOUSTON (12-1) 2. KANSAS ST (12-3)

MIDEAST

"It wasn't a tremendous performance. Workmanlike, but chaotic at times," said Illinois Coach Harv Schmidt after winning at Northwestern 101–80. Most of the confusion was caused by Illini Co-captain Mike Price, who usually plays guard but was all over the floor against the Wildcats. Starting in the backcourt, 6'3½" Price set up four straight baskets by Center Greg Jackson with his passes. Shifting to forward, he used his size 37 arms to pull down 12 rebounds, tops in the game. Price then moved into the pivot when Jackson fell into foul trouble and frustrated the Wildcats with his quickness under the backboards. Later in the week Illinois added a 75–73 win at Michigan to run its Big Ten record to 5-0, including three victories on the road. In the two-point decision over the Wolverines, substitute Guard Bob Windmiller tossed in a 50-foot two-hander for the Illini as the first-half buzzer sounded.

Toledo, which had the lead in the Mid-American Conference, was jolted out of the race by the league office and Ohio University. The Rockets were forced to change their two opening MAC victories into forfeit losses when it was discovered that leading scorer Steve Shay had not completed the required number of credits last semester. Ohio, which also defeated defending champion Miami 81–61, then stopped Toledo 88–79 to regain its spot as the league's co-favorite, along with Bowling Green. The Falcons beat Miami 64–59 and Kent State 73–67.

Kentucky took sole possession of first place in the Southeastern Conference, but not before a few nervous moments in its 72–71 win at Georgia. The Wildcats needed seven points from Mike Pratt in the final four minutes to clinch the victory. Later, Kentucky ended Tennessee's hopes of challenging in the SEC by handing the Vols their fourth consecutive league loss 68–52.

Dean Meminger's 19 points led a total of four Marquette regulars who scored in double figures as the Warriors defeated Southern Illinois 67–57 for their 30th straight win at home.

1. KENTUCKY (13-0) 2. MARQUETTE (12-1)



You don't have to be the ace flanker back for the world famous Naw York Jats to own one of these Great Lakes Action Jackets You just hava to buy a Homelite E-Z chain saw – the lightest Homelite ever built – or any other naw Homelite chain saw.

You'll use your Homelite to tall dead or diseased trees, clean up storm damage in no time, prune fruit or shade trees, cut a cord of firewood in an afternoon.

And you'll wear the jacket for all outdoor activities. Made of 100% nylon, quiltad and with knit cuffs, it has a Talon zipper front, draw-string waist and an unconditional guarantee for a year from Monsanto.

Find your participating dealer in the Yellow Pages, tell him Don Maynard sent you, and that you want a Homelita chain saw and your free Action Jacket. Your choice of rad or blua; man's, women's and kids' sizes. But hurry. Offer expires March 31, 1970.



HOMELITE

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A textron DIVISION

A guide for the

Some people buy Chevrolet trucks just to make money. Plumbers, builders, farmers and like that. But more and more people are buying our trucks just to play around. Camping types, hunters, even weekend artists. You could be next. Thus, our little essay for people who want to know how to buy a truck—without nuts and bolts or other technicalities.



What would the neighbors say if you bought a pickup truck?

"Beautiful."

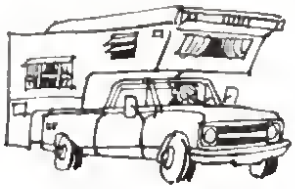
A while back, owning a pickup meant you were either in business or had a farm.

Then came shopping centers, ranch homes and superhighways. And the new mobile life-style.

We understand the once lowly pickup is now something of a status symbol as a practical second car.

(Take a look at our 1970 Chevrolet pickups. You'll understand why. Better yet, park one in your driveway and see how many neighbors stop by to admire it.)

By now, you've probably lost the chance to be the first pickup owner in your neighborhood. But why be the last?



How to tell a pickup from a chassis-cab.

Pickups are very popular camper vehicles. Slide the camper body on and you're ready to start adventuring.

Of course, Chevrolet gives you a big choice of pickups from basic economy to dashingly sporty.

Our Longhorn model was camper-designed from the beginning. With a long, easy-riding wheelbase and a box that's 8½ ft. long to handle the largest camper bodies.

A pickup without a cargo box is a chassis-cab. Once mounted, your camper body stays put. Some big, luxurious campers are built this way.

Now, all this is merely a starter. Your Chevrolet dealer can tell you about El Camino, the passenger car-pickup. Suburban, the super station wagon. Sportvan. And Blazer, Chevy's new go-anywhere car/truck combination. There's a chassis made especially for self-contained motor homes, too.



Chevrolet has stopped all this talk about "riding like a truck" once and for all.

If you still think a pickup has to have a hard, uncomfortable ride, we've got news for you.

Chevy pickups ride as smoothly as some passenger cars. (Wives are particularly fussy about things like this.)

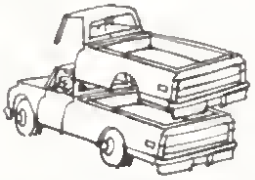
Reason is, we use coil springs both front and rear on most Chevy pickups—with our own special independent front suspension design. We call it our Bump Exterminator. Computers helped us figure out the right ride-strength combination.

The Longhorn pickup, designed especially for camping enthusiasts, has coil spring independent suspension in front, leaf-type springs in back. That's to take the greater weight of a constant load like a camper body. (You can just imagine how much vacationers pile into their campers.) Chevrolets are easy riders. But we really can't tell you how smoothly they go.



first-time truck buyer

Your Chevrolet dealer, of course, will be happy to demonstrate. So you can answer the question for yourself—once and for all.



Every Chevy Fleetside pickup has two cabs and two cargo boxes.

One inside and one outside. It's what we call double-wall construction. This is one way Chevrolet makes pickups stronger to last longer.

And they really do. Truck scrappage figures are lower for Chevrolet than for other makes, year after year.

As a first-time truck buyer, there are other points you should consider. For example, not all pickups have special protective liners built inside the front fenders. (They act as self-washing shields against salt and road slush.) And not all pickups can match the high-strength steel used in Chevy frames.

These things, and more are why Chevy's the Mover and ordinary trucks, ordinary.



For men only.

Let's face it. The practical part of buying a pickup is man's work.

Performance, for example. You'll decide on a Six or V8 powerplant. (Five are available, up to 310 hp in the 400 V8. And they use money-saving regular gas.)

But if the wife wants her say on things like power steering and air conditioning, give a little. You can afford to make woman's work a little easier.



You'll like the view from our picture windows.

At least there will be more of it to enjoy. Chevy pickups have a larger expanse of glass than any other popular pickup.

Our interior decor extends from discreetly simple to out and out elegant.

Deep pile carpeting. Chrome-rimmed controls. Deep foam bucket seats with center console.

(Yes, we're still talking about our pickup trucks.)

And, of course, you'll have an extra measure of protection in Chevrolet's many safety items like safety door locks and a dual braking system. They help make the outlook even better.



How to sound like an expert when you visit your Chevrolet dealer's.

Walk right in and ask for a Chevy truck specialist.

Tell him what you have in mind: A second car that's as much fun at the beach as it is practical in the mountains, a worker for weekend errands that's always ready for skiing, hunting and fishing trips when you slip on a camper body.

You really don't have to be a truck expert yourself to get just what you want. Because your Chevrolet dealer is.

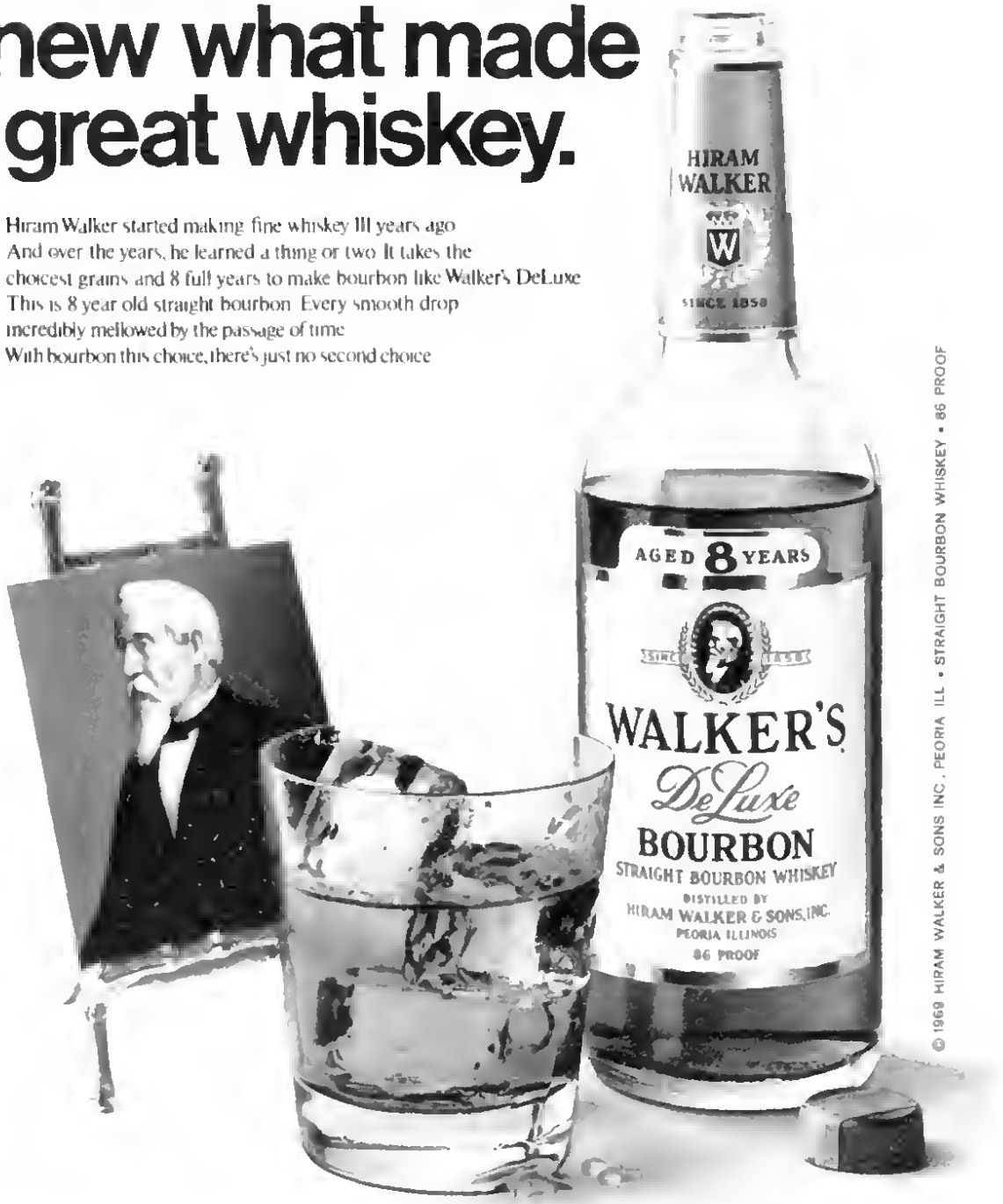
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Hiram Walker knew what made great whiskey.

Hiram Walker started making fine whiskey 111 years ago
And over the years, he learned a thing or two It takes the
choicest grains and 8 full years to make bourbon like Walker's DeLuxe
This is 8 year old straight bourbon Every smooth drop
incredibly mellowed by the passage of time
With bourbon this choice, there's just no second choice



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Walker's DeLuxe, the great bourbon from Hiram Walker himself.



◆

HEW Secretary **Robert Finch** made it to the Super Bowl and he found the Chiefs "very sharp—the only place I've seen better end-around plays was by some of the agencies in my own department." HEW, he says, has its own "Frantic Four—pollution, the pill, pesticides and the population explosion. The best thing for the population explosion we've found so far is a 24-hour schedule for athletic events on TV all year round."

"I've one wheelchair up for sale, best and quickest offer will be accepted. The chair has never been raced and never been rallied." So says **Graham Hill**, who *has* rallied from his Watkins Glen smash (SI, Oct. 13 and Nov. 3, 1969) and is up and about on crutches. He does sit down when he goes out for pheasant, however—in a swivel chair mounted on a Land Rover.

◆ In the photograph above of **Ali MacGraw** with All-America Forward **Joe Cavanagh** (*right*) and his brother **Dave** of the Harvard hockey team (yes, Harvard—never mind the Dartmouth jerseys), Ali is the one with teeth. She has been filming *Love Story* in Cambridge, Mass., from a script written by Erich Segal, who is a Harvard man rather miscellaneously famous as a classical scholar, the scenarist of *Yellow Submarine* and a 12-year veteran of the Boston Marathon. Fortunately, his ties with his alma mater remain firm, because the studio has had to borrow the entire Harvard hockey team. Ali's love in the film, Ryan O'Neal, is a member of same, and key scenes involve games with Dartmouth and Cornell—the Harvard squad impersonates both teams, hence the Dartmouth jerseys on the Cavanaghs. The hockey sequences took three days to shoot in Harvard's Watson Rink, and a fairly good time was had by all. No money, however. To preserve the team's amateur standing, the players had to work for hot soup and autographs of Ali MacGraw on their sticks or draft cards.

The Salmon and Trout Club in London has 260 members, but despite its sporty name and the fish motif on the club tie, angling is not the line that tests the group. Gout is. Formed by one Geoffrey Hebden, the club is a fellowship of gout sufferers, among whom are **Sir Billy Butlin** and the comic **Harry Secombe**. The name "Gout Club" seemed a trifle off-putting, so Salmon and Trout—Cockney rhyming slang for gout—was selected. One suspected sufferer who would be eligible for membership is **Prince Philip**, "but he hasn't honored us with his patronage," observed the club chairman.

Stan Musial is off on safari in Kenya and Nigeria, and he's been asking advice of **Marlin Perkins** of the St. Louis Zoo. "Marlin knows the unhunted area where we're going, and he told me lots of things that could help me hunting big game," Stan says meekly. "The only big game I've ever hunted was deer. I've been mostly a bird man—ducks, geese, quail." Years ago, when Musial first went hunting, he could have used some advice, too, according to **Red Schoendienst**. "The first time—it was so long ago he was driving a De Soto instead of a Cadillac—he showed up for a hunt in neatly pressed pants," Red says, the horror of the moment still clear in his mind. "He looked like he was ready to go to the Copacabana or El Morocco!"

In a new BBC documentary on the **Duke and Duchess of Windsor**, the Duke makes mention several times of sport. "I am a very, very poor golfer," he says. "I once shot a 75 about 14 years ago, but I am afraid that was the last good round, really good round, that I ever had." He recalled that his father's hobby had been shooting but that he had always preferred fox hunting and, when reminded that the royal family no longer hunted, he said, "Well, I saw my great-niece **Anne** last year and said to her, 'I know you ride very well and I'm so glad that you enjoy riding as much as I did.' But I said, 'Why don't you ever go fox hunting?' And she said two words—'Blood sports.' So I thought to myself, 'Oh, what a pity!' "

Transportation Secretary **John Volpe** has long been a big fitness man—as he says, "My body was given to me by the Dear Lord, and I try to take care of it." This he does, pedaling his electric bicycle, doing calisthenics, jogging, etc., and so does everyone around him. "We are all voluntarily getting into shape," says his special assistant, **Barry Locke**. "Some go regularly to the NASA gym, I've been lifting weights—each man sort of has his own bag." Now Volpe has an eye on the new transportation building. "He wants a running track, and at least a handball court on the roof," reports Locke. "He wants the idea of an artificial-type track explored, to see if it wouldn't be better and cheaper in the long run because of the so-called nonexistent maintenance." As any commuter can testify, nonexistent maintenance is a big thing in Volpe's field. Eventually we may all be jogging to work.

◉ For the first time a New Zealand postage stamp will commemorate a horse. The New Zealand Trotting Conference proposed **Cardigan Bay**, in honor of the gelding's being the first harness horse to earn a million dollars in stake money, and former New Zealand Postmaster General William J. Scott, a racing fan, readily agreed. This week the stamp, with the 14-year-old pacer in full stride and in "natural colours against a mushroom background," will go on sale for 10 New Zealand cents—and Cardigan Bay himself will return home to begin his retirement, in accordance with the conditions of his sale five years ago to an American syndicate.

◉



A reluctant dragon torments the Red Wings

Once a fire-breather for Toronto, Carl Brewer has returned from self-imposed exile as a most civilized defenseman for Detroit. The Wings want him meaner but realize he is the key to a playoff spot as he is

The first time he faced the hopeful Detroit press last October after signing with the all-but-lost Red Wings, Carl Brewer tried to make one thing clear. "The name," he said, "is spelled C-A-R-L, not M-O-S-E-S." That left the problem of who was Carl, really. A lot of people had been wondering since the day in 1965 when, as an All-Star defenseman for Toronto, Brewer simply walked out of the Maple Leafs' training camp and never came back. Brewer, then 27 years old, said he just wasn't prepared to pay the price of big-league hockey anymore; also, he had started worrying about the next Saturday night's plane ride on Monday. Hockey fans across Canada thought they knew a better reason: like many of the Toronto players, Brewer was fed up with Punch Imlach, the team's stormy, demanding coach and general manager.

A serious, introspective man with clear blue eyes, a large nose and thinning hair, Brewer returned to the University of Toronto, where he finished work toward a degree in political science. Then he went off to play for Canada's national hockey team and later became player-coach of a minor league team in Muskegon, Mich. On March 3, 1968 the Red Wings and Maple Leafs announced the controversial seven-player deal that sent Norm Ullman to Toronto in exchange for Frank Mahovlich. Detroit also was granted one year to sign Brewer to a Red Wing contract. Otherwise, his body would revert back to Toronto.

Reaffirming his reasons for quitting, Brewer turned the Red Wings down and departed to coach a hockey team in Helsinki. He returned early last year, however, and on March 30—a scant 30 minutes before the deadline—Brewer signed with Detroit, reportedly for $70,000. The contract probably made him the best-paid player on the Red Wings except for Gordie Howe (who is playing despite a painful case of arthritis which has drained power from his shots). And now at midseason it looks as if Carl had the Moses thing wrong. Somebody has led the Wings out of hockey's wilderness into contention for a playoff spot. Somebody named B-R-E-W-E-R.

"My wife and I loved Europe," he said last week. "Actually, we planned on remaining there, perhaps moving on to Sweden or Switzerland or somewhere. But when she became pregnant with our second child, we wanted to have the baby back in Canada, so we returned. That's the only reason we came back. When I quit four years ago I was quitting the NHL—not Toronto, not Punch Imlach or anything else. I returned to the NHL because Sid Abel [Detroit's coach and general manager] made me an offer I couldn't turn down."

Brewer insists he was surprised by the furor he caused by walking out on the Leafs. Only a Gordie Howe or a Jean Beliveau, he said, could have warranted the attention he was getting. Now he finds amusing the attempts so many writers and fans have made—and still are making—to figure him out. " 'Intelligent for a hockey player,' that's my favorite," he laughs. "Always there's that damning qualification."

Recalling the days when he was billed as the bad man of the NHL (he twice led the league in penalty minutes) Brewer said, "Writers would be apprehensive about meeting this fiendish animal. But after a game they'd come down, we'd talk and I'd see them calling me 'soft-spoken' and 'articulate.' All those penalties? Well, most of them were for holding, things like that. I told everyone it stemmed from childhood insecurity."

Brewer does not try to disguise the fact that he is not the same fiery player who in seven years helped the Leafs to a league championship, three second-place finishes and three Stanley Cups. Although his partner, Bobby Baun, did most of the heavy hitting, in those days Brewer was sneaky-tough. He used his stick to intimidate.

"I'm an intense person, and in such an atmosphere I played intensely," he said. "From the time I was growing up, it was hockey, hockey, hockey. When I was 19 the newspapers were already recording my every move, what I ate, what I did in my free time. I lived the game, so I lived winning. When I went over to Finland I took one look at what they were doing and said, this is all wrong. Their outlook was, one, it's a game; two, we're going to have fun; and three, we'll try to excel. I set out to show them how important winning



BREWER IS ESPECIALLY VALUABLE AS

was—but they wound up converting me. They feel if they do their very best, winning is secondary. I found out that that approach removed much unnecessary pressure from the game, and I wound up enjoying hockey more than I ever had before."

Brewer also enjoyed Muskegon. He cherished the long bus rides that every other minor-leaguer despises, because of the time they gave him to read, and he found it fulfilling to be a coach. "I could never coach in the NHL," he says, "because the players up here have been schooled so well all that's left for the coach to do is map strategy. In the minor leagues there's room for instruction, and there was in Finland, too. I draw a great deal of satisfaction from teaching the game of hockey."

In Detroit, Brewer is happy—for now. He lives in suburban Birmingham, within minutes of Mahovlich and Baun—his closest friends among the Leafs who preceded him to the Red Wings—and on the road the three are constant companions, as likely to be found in a museum or an art gallery as the hotel coffee shop. Brewer's fear of flying remains, but he is working on it, and the Red Wings let him take a train whenever the schedule permits.

"It's difficult, I know, for many people to realize just what someone goes through who has a fear of flying," he says. "It's not as bad as it once was, but it is still bad enough. On planes I do try to sit with elderly ladies or someone that I can talk to about flying. I find that by talking about it and occupying myself this way, it's not near the problem. This I know is selfish of me." As for the fans, they leave Brewer alone most of the time he is in public; this to him is the most relaxing aspect of playing hockey in the United States instead of Canada.

While Brewer is reasonably happy, some Red Wing fans are not. "All I know is that he's not the same out there," growls one longtime Red Wing-lover, who of course was previously a Brewer-hater. "I can remember the way his eyes flared. He'd cut somebody up as soon as look at him. But still he was always thinking, always ahead of everybody else upstairs. You could see it, and you wondered just who does this guy think he *is*. What made you maddest of all was his knack of goading our guys into taking a swing at him and getting a stupid penalty. Brewer would be laughing as the Leaf power play came over the boards. Now, though, he's different. He looks like so many of the Wings—too tame."

"I can't say I'm disappointed in Carl's play, because he's helped us," says Sid Abel. "He's helped us so much, in fact, he's the one player that we just can't lose for very long. Whenever we get in trouble in our own end the guys just look around for Brewer, because they know if they get the puck to him he'll take the heat off. Still, he's not playing with that old gusto, and I find myself wondering how good we'd be if he was."

While missing the playoffs the last three years, the Red Wings were getting murdered in their own end: there simply was no one who could handle the puck well enough to lead them out. Brewer has at least provided that, and as a result the Wings are now fourth instead of last and have given up 28 fewer goals than at the same time last year. The whole 1968 deal, in fact, has been sweet for Detroit. Former Wings Ullman, Paul Henderson and Floyd Smith have only 17 goals to date for the Leafs, who are in last place, while Mahovlich, Garry Unger, Pete Stemkowski and Brewer have scored 53 for Detroit.

As for the alleged tameness of the Red Wings, it ain't necessarily so. What they have needed badly—and are getting this year from Ron Harris, a real basher—is some programmed recklessness. This is where Carl Brewer has also helped. "Brewer's greatest contribution, aside from getting the puck out of our end, has been his effect on Harris," says Abel. "Ron is one gutsy, hard-working fellow who isn't afraid of anything. In the past he hurt us with his recklessness, but now, with Brewer playing alongside him and talking to him, the other team always wants to know where Harris is before they do something fancy. Like I said, you've got to wonder how we'd be if Brewer was his old self." **END**



A TEACHER OF YOUNG PLAYERS, HERE HE MAKES A POINT TO JIMMY WATSON

Hot tips for cold days

Stoics who like camping out even in sub-zero weather can keep cozy by taking James Phillips' advice to pad with polyurethane

Last year some 17 million Americans turned the nation's public camping grounds into a season-long traffic jam. This year their numbers will be even greater. So, too, will the volume and variety of the equipment they take with them from air-conditioned travel trailers to a sophisticated array of creature comforts worthy of the yacht *Christina.*

If this return to nature—or its reasonable 1970 facsimile—brings smiles to the camping industry, it brings only a philosophical shrug from James Gilbert Phillips, a long, lean New Mexican who has challenged the entire concept of camping as it is practiced today.

"The indoors has no place on a camping trip," Phillips says. "It should be left home where it belongs. The forest was once man's haven. He should be able to venture back into the forest and enjoy the wonders and beauty that have always been there. He should be able to live in comfort for short periods of time with a minimum of equipment and with complete confidence in his ability to meet the challenges of any wilderness."

For most of his 49 years, Phillips has practiced what he has been preaching for the past 11. His role as the prophet of primitive camping began in 1958 when he became scoutmaster of Santa Fe Troop 23 of which his son Jim, then 10, was a member.

The troop was soon performing feats most boys only read about. With nothing but the clothes on their backs, flint and steel, a couple of empty cans and pocketknives, they spent periods of from two to seven days in the Sangre De Cristo Mountains sleeping on self-fashioned beds of branches and boughs. At 10° below zero and with high winds drifting snow to 20 feet, they crossed the 12,000-foot Truchas Divide, building snow-block windbreaks for shelter each night.

One of Phillips' most practical, albeit radical, rules of wilderness camping, especially in winter, is to eliminate the need for fire. He stresses the fact that fire *is* luxury and not essential to survival, safety or even to simple comfort. Too often campers build fires when they should instead be building shelter. In snow or rain, fires are extremely difficult to start and even more difficult to keep burning. Aside from psychological value, they are virtually useless in severe temperatures to anyone trying to sleep through the night without other shelter.

Fire is unnecessary for cooking, since Phillips' ideal wilderness diet requires none. His menu, which is the same for all meals, consists of equal parts of dried meat, raisins, cheese, shredded coconut, bran and nuts. The mixture is not exactly gourmet fare but it is considerably more appetizing than it sounds, and surprisingly satisfying.

Water, which can take some finding on summer camp-outs, is always available in winter wherever there is snow. On his earlier trips Phillips used to suck on snow whenever he became thirsty, but he soon found that this caused his lips to swell and crack. Now he and his scouts carry plastic or rubber ice bags, which they fill with snow and place inside their shirts against their bare skin. The packs soon warm up to body temperature, which eventually melts the snow inside.

The wilderness clothing and gear Phillips has devised over the years is even more radical than his diet. Phillips, who works as an electrical engineer with the Eberline Instrument Corporation in Albuquerque, is involved almost entirely with nuclear research. He would like to say that his wilderness gear was developed with comparable scientific research, but in truth it evolved by pure hit or miss. At first he dressed for winter camping the way most woodsmen and hunters do: heavy underwear, sweaters, quilted jackets, boots and socks. And like most woodsmen and hunters, he found himself less than comfortable. Keeping his feet warm was his biggest problem. He tried various sock combinations, felt innersoles and insulated boots. Nothing seemed to work in severe temperatures. Finally, on a frigid trip outside Santa Fe he tried to restore circulation to his numb feet by wrapping them in a one-inch piece of polyurethane foam. To his surprise, as the night grew colder his feet grew warmer. Today no Phillips' follower ventures into the wilderness in anything but this type of mukluks, and nobody complains of cold feet. "Polyurethane was readily available, inexpensive, easy to work with and light to transport," Phillips says. "I began using it for everything—pants, jacket, mittens, hat and bedroll. Some of those outfits looked wild, but they worked."

To prove how well they worked, Phillips put them to severe tests. Two years ago, with only a backpack, snowshoes and his Siberian husky, Aztec, he traveled into the Idaho Primitive Area to talk to the legendary Buckskin Bill (*The Last of the Mountain Men*, Oct. 3, 1966). Because dogs were not permitted on the buses out of Boise, Phillips hitchhiked the 90 miles to McCall. Then he took a ski plane the remaining 40 miles to Warren, a small gold-mining settlement. Buckskin Bill lived another 24 miles beyond, across the formidable Burgdorf Summit. To the handful of settlers in Warren, Old Bill might just as well have lived 2,000 miles away—in winter. The snow was piled as high as the houses in the town.

Phillips spent a few hours in Warren patiently listening as the village elders warned that he could not cross the pass. They told him not to go: "If you get hurt," they said, "we can't help you. If you get lost, we can't search for you. But if we happen to find your body in the spring, we will bring it out."

On that happy note, Phillips set out the next morning on a crossing that rarely had been made in winter. It took him three days. "I knew there would be nothing there that I had not encountered back home in my own mountains," he says. "And I knew my equipment and myself. It was not an easy trip. The drifts in some of those windrows were fierce. But it was no more difficult than I had expected."

In his quiet way, Phillips passes lightly over the hairier moments of his trek. At one point he slipped off a ledge, catching his backpack on a branch where he



A WELL-INSULATED PHILLIPS READIES HIS PACK FOR AN OVERNIGHT WINTER HIKE

hung upside down until he could reach a knife and cut himself free.

When Phillips finally arrived at Buckskin Bill's cabin on the shores of the River of No Return, the old man, like any sane hermit, was inside by the fire. He answered Phillips' knock and incredulously peered at his unexpected visitor.

"How'd you git here?" he asked.

"Over the pass," Phillips said.

"Well, praise God," the hermit chuckled, "There's still somebody out there with a little adventure left in his soul."

Phillips stayed a week with Bill, listening to the lessons the old man had learned from a lifetime in the wilderness. Phillips' only disappointment, if it could be called such, was that he had found the weather in Idaho too warm. The temperature had never dropped lower than 10 below zero. For the ultimate test of his gear, he wanted weather much colder. He came closer to what he was looking for last winter in Barrow, Alaska.

In the two weeks Phillips and his son camped on the frozen Arctic slope at Barrow they spent much time with the Eskimos and even took a troop of Barrow scouts—all Eskimos—camping out on the pack ice, reacquainting them with many of the survival arts of their people which have been lost in the television and transistor age.

Although the weather in Barrow was still not cold enough for Phillips—the temperature often went as high as 20° below zero—the trip was an invaluable test of his equipment as well as an opportunity to study Eskimo clothing. Phillips is convinced, as are many other cold-weather experts, that Eskimo dress is still the most functional and practical in extreme cold. His own gear is based on the Eskimo concept of keeping all clothing large and loose-fitting.

Fur mukluks have always been the Eskimo's cold-weather footgear. Phillips' foam, covered with canvas to permit the escape of moisture, works on the same principle. But the Eskimos he noticed in Barrow added a moccasin-type sole of sealskin to combat the moisture of sea ice. Phillips made a similar adaptation on his own mukluks by replacing the canvas soles with rubber bottoms cut from an old pair of galoshes.

This, like dozens of other small but significant innovations, has all been incorporated into Phillips' present cold-weather wardrobe.

All the rest of his clothing is made of sheets of foam: one for each leg, a double thickness cut like a three-cornered diaper for the seat, another flat piece rolled into a tube for the torso and two for the arms. Each slab of foam is simply wrapped around the body and held in place by the outer clothing. Of necessity, the latter must be baggy enough to allow ample room for the foam, but it need be no heavier than a thin pair of flannel sweat pants and a flannel shirt. For extreme conditions, Phillips adds an outer parka.

His headgear is a piece of foam glued into an open-top crown with earflaps or, for sub-zero weather, a head-tunnel which is merely a foam bag with a funnel-like opening kept in shape by a wire coat hanger. The finished product looks much like the Eskimo's hood and ruff.

Mittens, like sleeping bags, are merely foam envelopes. The fancy ones have separate thumbs, but a thumb is not necessary. "They're clumsy," Phillips admits, "but after awhile you get a certain amount of feeling through the foam which makes it possible to do most jobs."

Although Phillips and his scouts still make everything they take and wear into the wilderness, for the first time this year some of these items are also being manufactured commercially. In Santa Fe the fledgling Ocate Company, headed by a young camping specialist named Steve Perin and backed by L. J. Reynolds, once the major stockholder at Eberline, has taken Phillips' ideas, refined them and is now producing foam clothing and sleeping bags in bright colors and at very appealing prices.

Officially Phillips has no role in Ocaté. Although 90% of the company's production is based entirely upon his ideas and innovations, it has never occurred to him to ask for compensation. This total disinterest in self-aggrandizement is as characteristic of Phillips as is his almost compulsive desire to propagate his wilderness gospel. If Ocaté can help, that is all the compensation he wants.

"Each year dozens of people are lost in this country's wildernesses," he says. "And each year, many of them are never found. Every life lost could be saved with common sense and some basic wilderness knowledge."

But even more basic and fundamental than this, Phillips is teaching that the best way to convert boys into self-confident young men is to give them a chance to prove themselves. A boy who can leave civilization without food, bedding or special equipment and shelter and feed himself in the wilderness with no weapon but his wits is likely to consider himself a man. For Phillips, that is reward enough. END

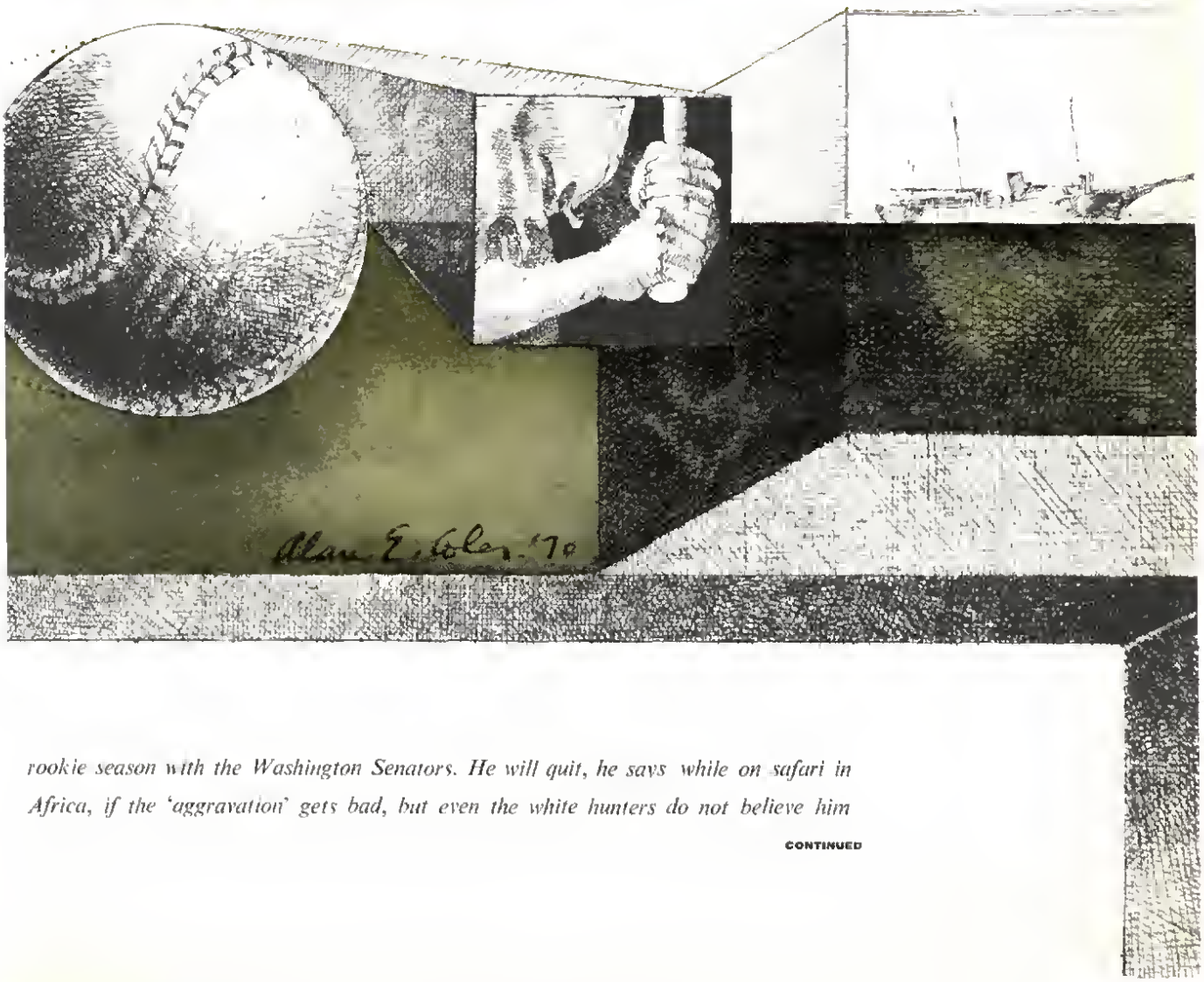


Outspoken as always, the American League Manager of the Year is extraordinarily candid about the team he rescued from the bone pile and made respectable in his



TED WILLIAMS — MY YEAR

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD



rookie season with the Washington Senators. He will quit, he says while on safari in Africa, if the 'aggravation' gets bad, but even the white hunters do not believe him

CONTINUED



The American League Manager of the Year killed the Cape buffalo in an open place while the sun was high, so that the man and the beast had ample opportunity to form an opinion of each other. When first spotted, the herd was far off, the bull escorting at the fringe, its horns making it a certain candidate for eventual, if not immediate, perforation.

But the ground between them offered little cover: a few patches of mapone scrub and thornbush, a swelling here and there of dried grass that would, in the rainy season already generating in the highlands, reach to the Zambezi River in such deep anarchy that even the willful Land Rover could not get through. Getting closer would be an undertaking. So the professional at the manager's side, an old lion hunter named Johnny Uys, who used to exterminate man-eaters for the game department when Zambia was known as Northern Rhodesia, suggested that Ted Williams risk a shot from where they were.

The bull had now turned, presenting the midships of his massive blue-black body. But the dot in Williams' scope pendulated on and off the beast's shoulder.

"What about all those 60-yard shots I've been hearing about?" Williams said through his teeth.

"Right," said Uys. "We'll try to improve our chances."

To move closer, however, they now had to travel by belly, wriggling across the open ground, in and out of the rutted spoor of elephants that had passed through during the last rainy season and left ruptured earth to harden into craters under the sun. Williams' belly had not had that kind of attention in years. He pulled his 230 pounds along with his left elbow, trailing the .458 in his right hand. "They kept hissing at me to keep my butt down," he said later, presenting his triumph without embarrassment. "Geez, I was dragging. My elbows and knees were grinding into the elephant tracks. The gun was making it tougher. I was thinking maybe we had made a bad decision."

They were still more than 100 yards away when it was decided they could get no closer. The herd, edgy now and alert to the delegation of killers, huddled in the crust and grass, then for a heart-jerking moment—in a way typical of Cape buffalo—made a tentative charge, only to pull up as abruptly as it started. A wounded buffalo is as brutal an adversary as there is, but when in good health and sound mind it is more bluff than menace. The next move would more than likely be a thundering exit.

"*Now*," said Uys.

The bull was turned slightly, lifting its nose to find the scent, so that the broad view was shortened, but enough of the shoulder was available. Williams got into a sitting position with the .458, pressing his elbows inside his knees for stability, not sure, he said, that he could control his breathing after his 150-yard commando maneuver. Consistent with his history, however, the last of the .400 hitters, the land-'em-in-flames jet pilot, etc., etc., rose to the occasion. The first shot slammed into the shoulder of the animal. The buffalo, dead already but remonstrating against death, hunched up and spun groggily in a tight arc seeking the source of its torment, and Williams put a second bullet through its septum. The third shot was as redundant as the second.

Ted Williams had already hunted for almost two weeks by the Kafue River in the Mumbwa district, but most of his time there had been taken up with the production surrounding a sable antelope he had shot for the *American Sportsman* television series, on whose behalf he had come to Africa in the first place.

He had shot well—reedbuck, warthog, the sable—but the filigree that is necessary to make the *Sportsman* show complete and as good as it is consumed most of the time, and he had become anxious that he would not get his buffalo and had gone on ahead to the next camp on the Zambezi, where he would find buffalo and kudu.

Now it was noon and he had driven into camp with Rolf Rohwer, an American on the professional staff of Zambia Safaris, Inc., and the mood of urgency had left him. His clothes were dirt-crusted and his beard was patchy with dust, and he was altogether a happy man. He moaned over the aches he had accumulated crawling through the grass. He massaged his left shoulder and complained how exhausted he was and how indecent it was that young Rolf Rohwer, whom he called Ralph, did not suffer equally. "Dammit, Ralph," he said, "you got to hurt somewhere." And then he smiled. "Boy, I wanta tell you," he said. "That buffalo hunting is the fun."

He was talking about trying for a bigger horn when he retired to his tent that afternoon, and he was still in there through tea and later when the hunters went out again.

"He is pleased, but he will not dream of the buffalo," said the Rhodesian professional, Mike Cameron, as Williams slept and the hunters waited for the sun to loosen its hold on the land. "He will relax with the problems of adding 50 percentage points to Mr. Casanova's batting figure—is that right, Casanova?"

"Yes. Paul Casanova, a catcher," he was told.

"Or how to make Mr. Coleman a better pitcher."

"How do you know all that?" Cameron was asked. (Only a few days before Williams had said: "I close my eyes and I lie there thinking, 'How am I going to get to Coleman? How am I going to get to this guy? What can I say without discouraging him?' He could be so much better. It's going to be my No. 1 project this spring.")

"Because," said Cameron, "he is a magnificent fraud, your Ted. He is genuinely enthusiastic about everything.

He argues about the strength of fishing line and about ballistics, and he is very positive with his arguments, but I suspect he has only one true love, and he denies her.

"I asked him about managing," Cameron said, "about getting back into baseball after all those years—we have baseball in Rhodesia, you know, so I know a little about it—and he said he would not be back at all if he had enough money and if he had a big boat like Zane Grey had and could sail the world. He could see himself saying, 'Boy, see you later.' I suspect that is a front."

It is true that the mythical Ted Williams hates the limelight and said for years he would not manage anything but his tackle box. He said it was a loser's job and he would not want that aggravation for anything. Then the factual Williams signed a big contract to manage the worst team in baseball. The mythical Ted said it was "m-o-n-e-y"—he spelled it out—that got him back, but anyone who knows him has seen him leap out of his chair to make some minor point about baseball or dangerously rock a boat standing up to demonstrate a swing. "He did play the game until he was 42, and that is a pretty strong grip," Cameron was told.

"That is my point," said the Rhodesian. "I have seen it here, listening to him. No dead animal or fish can light him like his true love."

Ted Williams had never, from the time he left New York, really escaped, as one would expect to escape when he has traveled 8,000 miles to an out-of-the-way place. An American boy holding a camera with both hands shadowed him through the Tower of London and waited 40 minutes outside Coldharbour Gate as Williams inspected 17th-century glaives and wheel-lock pistols and browsed through the tilt armor. "Now, Mr. Williams?" he said when Ted emerged, and was granted a friendly pose. In Nairobi an old man in canvas shoes and a soiled shamba hat stepped in front of him and said, "Hey, you're Ted Williams!"

"A lot of people make that mistake. I think Williams is actually an older man."

"Aw, c'mon, I saw you *play*, Ted. You know. In *Boston*. Oh, how I'd love to be in Boston."

"People I know want to come over here."

"Ted, you gotta tell me. Did the Mets really win the Series? You know"—he looked around—"you can't believe everything you read out here."

"Yeah, the Mets won, all right. Four games to one."

"Mmm, mmm. Please. Tell me about it." The man was starved for information, and Williams, in an obliging mood, rendered a five-minute report, expressing his personal surprise that the Orioles had packed in so easily.

At a five and dime, the great discovery was made by an Episcopal missionary in from Tanzania. The missionary introduced his son, whom he acquainted with Williams' achievements, and the man and the boy were immensely pleased to have him drop in on their continent.

"How did Frank Howard do this year?" the missionary wanted to know. "Is he still swinging at bad pitches? I saw him when I was home on leave a few years ago. Swung from his heels at everything."

"No," Williams assured him, "Howard doesn't do that as much anymore."

Between soup and salad that night at the New Stanley Hotel, Williams talked more about the Series. "I'll tell you what disappointed me," he said. "What I think was the key to the Series. Second game, 1–1 tie, ninth inning, Charles up for the Mets. Two out. McNally pitching. And he busted off two sharp curves, two *hellacious* curves, both for strikes. 'Boy,' I said to myself, 'come right back with it. Come right back with that curve.' But geez, he frogged around and frogged around and the count went to 2–2 and 3–2 and then he threw Charles a high fastball. *Bow!* Line drive, base hit. Then the next guy gets a blunk hit, and then Weis wins the game with a single off *another* high fastball. And in the last game Weis homered off the same pitch. I have to say I was disappointed the way they pitched to the Mets."

"Do you suppose," Williams was asked, "that the Episcopalians have been spreading the word about Frank Howard's bad habits?"

The Manager of the Year shook his head. "That ought to tell you how obvious it was. It was obvious the first time I saw him playing years ago with the Dodgers in a World Series. I knew then, and I knew when I took this job, exactly what I was going to say to him. The value of knowing the strike zone. The value of proper thinking at the plate. The importance of getting a good ball to hit. Of knowing when not to be too big with his swing.

"We talked whenever we had a chance, and I want to tell you Frank Howard is a wonderful guy. A *great* guy. We analyzed his bases on balls—only 54 last year, and 12 of those were intentional. Well, for crying out loud, the *leadoff* man should get 35 walks. Howard didn't know the strike zone. It was as simple as that."

"So how many times did he walk this year?"

"One hundred and two. And he cut his strikeouts by one-third, and his average was as high as ever, and he *still* hit more home runs, some of them out of sight. I mean he *crushed* the ball. I think without question the biggest, strongest guy who ever played this game."

His voice had been rising and the people at the next table, who had been folded over their meals, were now listening in and whispering behind their hands. One of them finally leaned over and offered Williams a menu.

"Would you sign this, Mr. Williams?" he said. "Never thought I'd run into you way out here. Uh, just make it out to, uh, Theodore Samuel."

"Great name," said Williams, taking the menu.

The man laughed self-consciously. "Yes. It's for my nephew. My brother named him after you. My brother is a real nut."

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"Gee, thanks a lot," said Williams. "Thanks a lot."

On a flight out of Nairobi the discoverer was the man in the seat ahead of Williams. He rose up on his knees to face around and offered himself for conversation. Eventually he asked Williams what made a good manager.

"To have enthusiasm," Williams said, "to *show* enthusiasm, not just in a game but from spring training on. To be on top of it every minute. Then, *then*, to know enough to have guys around you who can help a guy—who can teach a guy. That's a key. There's very little really good teaching done in baseball today. I'm convinced of that.

"So, if you have that, and if you have that little extra that Casey Stengel could get out of a team, and you've got good pitching—well, there's where it pays off. You talk about the great teams and they always had good pitching. The Yankees. Cleveland. The pitching kept them in the close games. Then in the late innings, boom, something happened, and they won."

"And a manager makes this happen?"

"He can. He can. But in a variety of ways. I'm keyed up all the time, trying to keep guys alert, asking questions, trying to get them to think. It's my nature. But I watched Hodges in the Series, sitting in the dugout, arms crossed. Never changed position. But he had enthusiastic coaches and a young club full of life, and—*and*—he had a businesslike attitude, and a team has to have that, too. The kind of attitude Joe McCarthy always instilled in a team. McCarthy never made a big scene.

"The Mets had another thing important to an organization. They had people who were willing to spend money. Mrs. Payson went out and bought what was necessary, and guys were getting paid and that makes for a good atmosphere. And I'll tell you something else. I wouldn't be surprised if the Mets kept winning for a long time."

At midnight Bob Addie of *The Washington Post*, having persevered through the labyrinth of intercontinental overseas telephone, reached Williams, back on the ground, to tell him he had been named Manager of the Year in the American League.

"Boy, just like the Russian secret police," Williams shouted. "Are you sure? Well, yes, I'm flabbergasted, Bob. But I'll tell you something. It was just another example of the writers being wrong again. Weaver and Martin deserved it more. I'm happy for myself, but I feel bad for them."

"I honestly feel that way," he said when he had hung up. "I'm a Johnny-come-lately in this business, and those guys won their divisions, and Weaver won the pennant in a breeze. I voted for Weaver. If you win like he did and don't get it, well . . ."

By themselves, the statistics of Ted Williams' first year of managing do not give it the dimension it deserves or the emotions it stirred. The Washington team had its best won-lost record in 24 years. It won 10 more games than it lost, a 21-game improvement over the previous year, it rose in the standings from its home in the cellar to within a single game of the first division. It was fourth in batting, fifth in pitching. Individual improvements were practically unanimous. Batting averages soared, pitchers discovered they could throw strikes. Dick Bosman had the lowest earned run average in the league. Attendance almost doubled. Revenue almost tripled.

Success has a hundred fathers, it has been said, and failure is an orphan, but the fatherhood of this altogether prodigious child was never credited to anyone except Ted Williams. He examined the phenomenon for a long time late one night as he lay in his tent by the Kafue River. It was in the bedlam hours before sleep, when toe frogs and night birds go into hysterics and are joined by the occasional high whooping of a passing hyena.

The subject, as it inevitably did, had come up earlier in the evening around the fire. The hunters asked Williams how it was that a man could pick up where he left off so effectively after all those years, and Ted had said the truth was that things happened so fast he did not realize how little prepared he really was.

"I'm signing, then I'm packing and going to camp, and I don't know who's on the team or anything. I remember talking to one of the Washington writers, trying to get some information, and he mentions Hondo, and I said, 'Gee, tell me about that Hondo. How good is he?' Well, Hondo is Frank Howard, but *I* didn't know that."

So there in the tent, in a halo of light from a ridiculously full moon, Williams went on with his summation of the season he had promised would never happen.

"Did you enjoy it?"

"I enjoyed being on the field," he said, and yawned such a loud, sustained yawn it seemed sure that he would not last the sentence through. "I enjoyed being with the players, helping the kids, working with them. You feel good when things are perking. There is no greater satisfaction I know of than when things are going well. When things aren't going well. . . ."

And he began to talk about a player who had not responded to stimulus, who had told him that all he really cared about doing was lying out on the beach in the sun, and in his mind's eye he was seeing the young Ted Williams, practicing until his hands bled and loving it, and he said, "This guy hasn't got the drive. He just hasn't got the drive. He hasn't been out for extra hitting practice four times all year. That's what I mind. . . . Well, he ain't going to be on our club, I don't believe, and still I don't know how we're going to get rid of him, we don't have anyone any better, and that's the thing that bothers you on a club like this. Where do you go from here? It's going to be a struggle to improve." He paused, and his breathing could be heard over the crooning frogs.

"You see," he said, "this is the thing. If I was smart, if I was really smart, I'd say forget about it, see you later. I

continued

can see this is the kind of job you suffer with, you get a lousy ulcer, you get buried in it. Boy, if I had it made, if I had all the money I wanted. . . ."

The mood passed as quickly as it came. Williams was awake now, putting his thoughts together. The exercise of meaningful conversation has always stimulated him.

"The fun," he said, "was seeing them improve and realize they *could* win, and that's a satisfaction to me."

"But early on when you said that you had so much to learn, that you didn't even know how to make out a lineup card, what about then?"

"That's why I said Vince Lombardi showed me something. Here I'm starting out, not knowing what's going on, whether I can do it, who the coaches are, who the players are, what I'm getting into. And I look over there and I see where Lombardi has hired head coaches as his assistants and, boy, that woke me up. The smartest coach in football has *head* coaches as his assistants. He *surrounds* himself with good guys. By the time spring training started I had made up my mind to do the same thing. I was going to get all the help I could get.

"The big thing for me was the infield. Nobody had to tell me anything about hitting, nobody had to tell me anything about pitching. I don't mean you don't get good ideas from people, but that part of the game I knew.

"Now it's probably true that a good infielder can help another infielder better than a batter can help another batter because there's certain set ways to do things in the infield—how to cheat on a bunt, things I never knew because I was an outfielder.

"Like what? Bunting situations. For example, man on first, maybe hit-and-run or bunt. The guy turns around to bunt and decides to hit. Now,"—he was up on the edge of the cot, framed by the moonlight against the mosquito-netting window—"your head's home plate. I'm the second baseman. There's first. On a bunt, I'm supposed to cover first. Fast. Break to first on the bunt. Well, the correct way to do it—and I never knew this—is for me, the second baseman, to come *in* toward you so that if the batter straightens up and tries to ram it through I'm still in position to make the play. *Then* if the guy bunts, the second baseman is already moving and he can go to first. Start *in*, then go to first. I didn't know that."

"So that's why you tried to hire Johnny Pesky?"

"Well, I had Foxie [Nellie Fox] all set as one of my coaches, but he couldn't do it all. I asked Pesky if he wanted to come, but he was tied up with television in Boston, and he said no, and it was just as well. I had Pat Mullin, but he was an outfielder. And I had Trahilliger."

"Terwilliger."

"What?"

"Wayne Terwilliger. You pronounced it wrong in the spring, and you're still pronouncing it wrong. It's a wonder he stuck with you."

"Ter-will-i-ger." He sounded it out. "You're a wise guy, you know that? All right, just keep quiet and listen and maybe you'll learn something.

"Ter-will-i-ger was supposed to be the Buffalo manager. He had played in the other league, so I didn't know much about him. But when I got to know him at Pompano—a real pepper pot, always on top of things, always watching the guys—I said to myself, 'Boy, I want this guy.'

"Trahilliger had managed. And as we went along I said, 'Twig, you just run the game from third base, and if there's anything you want from the bench we'll let you know.' Now let me tell you something. If I'm right, that's the way Hodges does it. I watched him in the Series. He didn't call a play from the bench that I could see. He didn't move. Yost called the game. Except in a real tough situation, where they had to decide on a bunt or let a guy hit, Hodges just sat there.

"So. These things can work out when you've got a guy who can do the job, whether he's coaching first—Foxie could do it—or third base or in the bullpen. When he can do it, boom, let him do it. From a manager's viewpoint, it's the only smart way. A manager's got nine million lousy little things to do, things on his mind, people to see, lists to check, the press to fool with after the game, the press to fool with before the game, a million things."

"Were you worried about handling the press?"

"Hell, no. I couldn't have worried less. The only trouble I had was over the 15-minute rule: nobody allowed in the dressing room for 15 minutes after the game. I wanted to give the players a chance to be alone a little bit, and I got a few yowls over it. After about a month I got a little soft and said, well, I'll make it 10 minutes, trying to cooperate, and one of them kept bitching and bitching, so I said, 'It's going back to 15 minutes,' and the United States Congress ain't going to make me change.

"There are good guys in the Washington press, and we got along all right. I didn't get real chummy with any of them, but it's better not to get too close. They knew they could come to me and get some dope now and then, and when I thought they were off base I told them so.

"The thing that bothered me a little was they were the last to believe in us. After a month and a half they were still writing, 'Gee, when are the Senators going to collapse?' So I had a little session with them one day, and I said, 'Look, everybody in this town thinks we're going to do it except you guys. You are the least impressed of anybody with this club. The least enthusiastic. For God sakes, wake up.' I'd give 'em that treatment whenever I could. Especially when I knew I was right." He laughed and flopped back down on the cot.

"But I'm away from my point, which is this: the smartest thing I did this year, the smartest thing without question, was selecting a good coaching staff. And two of them, Trahilliger and Fox, were right there, just a matter of making sure they stayed. I added Joe Comacho, who had been at my baseball camp and was teaching school

and had never played in the majors but is a smart guy, baseballically, a hustler, eager, great to have on the bench beside me. I didn't know how Sid Hudson was going to work out as a pitching coach, but I couldn't get anybody else at that point, so it didn't matter. But after a while I began to realize, gee, Hudson understands me, and I understand him, and we worked together good.

"And the only other guy I added was George Susce—60 years old, been around for years, terrific worker, always in better shape than anybody. And here's the funny thing about old George Susce. He gave me more good ideas, things I should have known but didn't, and he'd put them in a concrete way. I'd say, 'Hey, that's right, that's the way.' For example, when two men get on base before the fifth inning you should think about getting somebody up in the bullpen. Ideally, two men, a lefthander and a righthander, so you're ready for anything.

"After the fifth inning, if *one* man gets on in a close game, you get somebody up. Maybe your pitcher is throwing high, or he isn't getting the ball over, or he's slow covering first—those are good indications he's getting tired. Well, old George Susce put it to me—'Ted, whenever you get two men on before the fifth inning, give me the sign.' I'd never had to worry about that kind of thing. And Susce gave me the key, nobody else. He's been seeing the game from the bullpen all his life, and he knows."

There was a long pause. Williams might have drifted off, but then he was back from wherever he had been.

"The one big impression I got this year," he said, "is that the game hasn't changed. It's the same as it was when I played. I see the same type pitchers, the same type hitters. I am a little more convinced than ever that there aren't as many good hitters in the game, guys who can whack the ball around when it's over the plate, like an Aaron or a Clemente. There are plenty of guys with power, guys who hit the ball a long way, but I see so many who lack finesse, who should hit for average but don't."

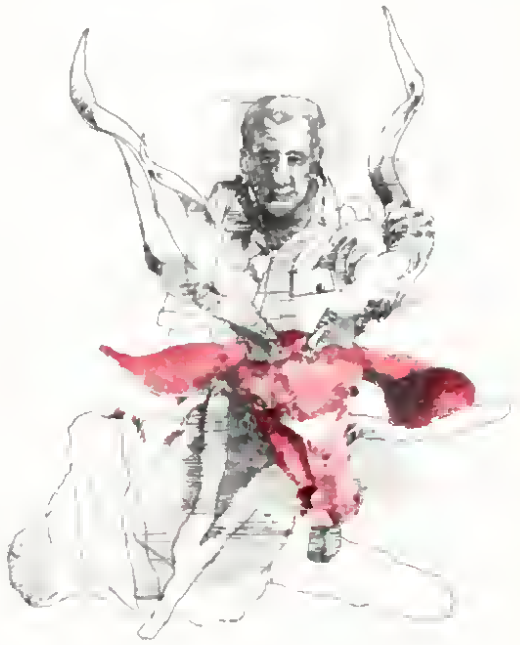
As a player, Williams had been a notoriously soft touch for batters begging knowledge, so intrigued was he by the techniques of good hitting. The Colavitos and Kalines and Skowrons of opposing teams flocked around. He slipped and did it again this year, he said, when he could not resist a flaw in Ken Harrelson of the Indians. He saw that Harrelson was cocking his hips prematurely, restricting the pendulum action of his swing. Williams passed the word along through a mutual friend and right after that the Indians came to Washington, and Harrelson, minus flaw, beat him with a home run. Williams said after that he would be more careful who got his prescriptions.

The Senators, of course, were the immediate beneficiaries. With the mark of Williams on them, banjo hitters delivered smoking line drives; once-emaciated averages took on flesh. As a team, the Senators batted 30 points higher than they had the year before. Eddie Brinkman ballooned from .187 to .266, Del Unser from .230 to .286, Hank Allen from .218 to .279, Frank Howard hit .296 and 48 home runs and Mike Epstein .278 and 30 home runs, and neither ever had a season like it.

"In my heart," Williams said, "I think I helped everybody on that club by just talking baseball, by giving them the viewpoint of an old hitter who knew the game between the pitcher and the hitters as well or better than anybody who ever played it.

"As time went on they knew we were giving them the word. McMullen is an example. I didn't change Ken McMullen. He did everything himself. All I said was, 'Look, Mac, you're swinging down on the ball too much.'

"The ideal swing is a slight upswing. I compared the



line of his swing to Mike Epstein's. It's true that Epstein swings up a little too much, but there was too much difference between his and McMullen's swing, and Mac saw it, too. He was hitting about .248 at the All-Star break. He was slicing the ball, what do you call it?"

"Chopping? Chipping?"

"No-no, ah, whatever it is, but the other way you get that good hard overspin on a ground ball, and when it goes through the infield it has something on it, and if you hit it solid, boy, it goes. Anyway, he started hitting, and he hit the longest ball he ever hit at the stadium, way up in the upper deck. And I'll tell you, I wouldn't be surprised if he was even better this year.

"After a while, you could see them all coming around, getting the message, thinking about what they were doing. Some of them started squeezing rubber balls and lifting

continued

heavy weights, doing things to improve their strength.

"Listen, did you zip up your side of the tent?" Williams asked. "I don't want any snakes in here. When it comes to snakes I am no hero." Before it was the bugs that worried him. He would put up such a fog of bug spray that it would settle wet on one's forehead for hours.

"What about Brinkman? Surely you worked a miracle there."

"I didn't tell Brinkman a lot. When I first saw him in the batting cage all eager and alive, I said if he was a .180 hitter I'd eat an alligator. It didn't take a genius to see that. He had already picked out the bottle bat. He'd already choked up on it in the spring, and they were things I was given credit for and deserved absolutely none. He did ask me what I thought, and I said, 'Well, it's all right,' but I thought to myself as far up as he was choking that bat I hope to God he wouldn't hit himself in the belly with it." He laughed, imagining such a thing.

"The only thing I tried to impress on Brinkman was to be quicker with the bat, especially when he was hitting to the opposite field."

"To hit with authority to right field?"

"Why authority? His best shot isn't going out, so why with authority? The tendency to the opposite field is to be late, and when you're late you're under it and you pop up. It didn't do Brinkman any good to hit the ball in the air. It was important for him to hit the ball on the ground. Hit a ball on the ground and it's a tougher play, things can happen. Brinkman worked at it and, I wanta tell you, that little guy got big hits all year for us. Sonofagun.

"He had National Guard duty most of the time. Had to be there at 6 in the morning, be there all day, get to the park at 4:30, eyes all bloodshot, and he'd nap for two hours. Then we'd wake him up—'C'mon Eddie, game's starting'—and he wouldn't even get hitting practice. He played even when he was hurt. Some guy slid into him, really ripped him, and he had a wrenched knee, all swollen up. I'd say, 'Eddie, why don't you just take a day or two and rest, pick yourself up a little.' 'Naw, I wanna play!'

"And let me tell you, they all wanted to play. Didn't care about injuries or anything, they all wanted to play. And, gee, what a satisfying thing that was."

"What about the pitching? In the spring you were insisting on everybody having a third pitch, and only a couple of them really had a major league curve."

"Bertaina and Pascual, and neither lasted the season."

"Guys you never heard of were your best pitchers."

"I've said this before. If I knew that little game between the pitcher and the batter as well as anybody, then I ought to know enough to help the pitcher. And the pitchers on our club listened.

"Now with a guy like Darold Knowles I didn't have to say much—lot of talent, smart and just chesty enough to think he can beat the world. He's not quite that good, but he's good. Bosman developed into about as good a pitcher as there is in the league, and he very well might wind up winning as many as anybody.

"Then you get a guy like Cox. A nonathlete, like a lot of pitchers. But a good arm and he wanted to pitch. Something happened to Cox this year that was the turning point for him: we put him into more tough situations than he had ever been in, and he got out of them.

"Coleman? He doesn't get the ball over the plate. His control is no better than it was two years ago. His record is no better. His curve hasn't improved. He's got a fork ball and he wants to go with it all the time, and he's got to find something different. And he's got to hump up and throw the damn ball. He can't lollipop it up there. Listen—there ain't anybody that throws hard throwing easy. The only way you can throw hard is to throw hard. Get up there and grunt a little. That McDowell has a fastball and I can hear him grunting all the way to the bench. He's putting something on it. That's why it's a good fastball.

"Coleman's got talent, all right. He's got as much talent as anybody. The thing is to get it out of him. . . ."

The hunting dried up after the buffalo kill. Williams lingered at the Zambezi, but it was too late in the season, and the hunting was going bad. If he was really desperate for action, Mike Cameron said, he could fire a few rounds across the Rhodesian border and then duck into the reeds and watch the Rhodesian army helicopters fly over. Cameron said the African terrorists who had tried to cause a stir in Rhodesia had a life expectancy of just under 72 hours once they crossed that border.

Williams scoured the hills up from the river with Rolf Rohwer, who was a tireless, meticulous hunter. Williams especially liked him, so he thought nothing of engaging him in the merciless kidding that he confers on his friends.

One afternoon Williams was told, "Listen, you've got to start calling people by their right names. You called Terwilliger 'Trahilliger' all season."

"No, I didn't. I called him Twig most of the time."

"And it's not Ralph, it's Rolf."

"What? Well, you can say it the way you want. I believe in pronouncing the a's."

"There ain't no a's in it, it's R-o-l-f," said Rohwer.

Williams looked at him. "German, huh?"

"Now you're getting it."

"Lousy Hun," said Williams.

"How did a nice guy like you ever get along with 25 sensitive ballplayers?" Rolf said.

"I gave 'em the treatment when I thought I had to," Williams said. "You know, kidding them but digging them, too. 'Dammit, Joe, Babe Ruth couldn't have hit that pitch. C'mon, swing at strikes.'"

"Did you ever blow your stack? Really let go?"

"Only once. Everybody in the lineup, seemed like, was striking out on high fastballs, and one day when our pitching was bad I was up to here. Casanova or somebody

struck out on a high fastball—the kind of pitch you ought to really cream—and I just saw red. I had this bat I always carry on the bench, something to hold on to, and I swung it hard and, kerpow! I hit the bat rack. Broke two bats. I'll tell you, that shook 'em up a little bit."

Whatever Williams did with his bat there was no team in the league more spirited than his, and those who predicted perfectionist Williams would come unhinged when forced to endure all that imperfection were mistaken. Williams and his Senators were the love story of the year.

"That first day at Pompano Beach," he said, "I told them, 'I know you've heard a lot about what an impatient guy I'm supposed to be, but I think you'll find I'll have patience. The only thing I will absolutely insist on is that you hustle. I played this game 25 years, and it was always fun for me, fun to practice, to take extra hitting, even after a game, and that's the way I want it to be for you. So I expect you to hustle. I'll insist on that.'

"And they did, they hustled all year. And I wish you could have had a tape recorder on that bench, all the noise, all the clanging and banging.

"The dugout in baseball has always been a place where guys went to sleep. The very fact they're not playing works against them, so you try to keep them in the game. 'What pitch was that? What's the count?' I'd see a guy check the scoreboard. 'What are you looking there for? You oughta know without looking. Get in the game. Two-zero pitch. What's he going to do.' Next time the guy'll notice."

"Is that why you did so much platooning, to keep everybody sharp?"

"Well, sure, that's part of it, but platooning is really the only way to do it anymore, unless you've got a standout player who's strong enough to play all the time. Otherwise, there are 40 different reasons to platoon *any* player. If you play eight guys all year and there are seven on the bench twiddling their thumbs, when you need 'em they can't do it because they haven't played.

"We had Eddie Stroud pinch-hitting, but I was always thinking of ways to get him into the game. One pinch hit every other day isn't enough to keep you sharp, 100 pinch hits a year aren't enough, but if you can play twice a week, or once a week, and pinch-hit a couple times in between, then it's not completely foreign to you when you're sent in there. You're playing, you feel good, you win a game once in a while with an important hit, gives you a little incentive, makes you want to practice more. But if you just sit a guy on the bench and leave him there, sooner or later he says, 'Well, nuts,' and you can't blame him.

"Listen. A .260 hitter doesn't hit .320. But if you can get that .260 hitter to hit .320 for a while, then you see him fade a bit and get him out of there, then back in against certain pitchers, give him an opportunity in the right situation, boom, he comes through, builds his confidence and before you know it he isn't a .260 hitter, he's a .275 or a .280 hitter."

"Were there times when you felt like you really didn't know what you were doing, when you felt inadequate, when you second-guessed yourself?"

"No, I never felt inadequate. I never felt lost or anything. I didn't second-guess myself very often because you can usually think up good enough reasons to justify any move. Sometimes you wonder, of course. I know we lost a game in New York when the situation cried for a squeeze bunt and I didn't call for it, and I was wrong, as I told the writers right off when they came in afterward.

"We lost another game, to Detroit, when the percentages called for a bunt and the guy hit one over the leftfielder's head for two runs, so you never know. I found out later that Detroit didn't bunt hardly at all the year they won the pennant, and they still won 40 games from the seventh inning on."

When losses piled up, Williams did not throw tantrums, as his critics predicted he would, nor did he quit, as they thought he might. Instead, he said, he always made it a point at those times to pay the club owner, Bob Short, a visit. It was the persuasive Short who drew Williams kicking and screaming out of exile on the Florida Keys.

"When we'd lost five or six in a row, and I wasn't using the right pitchers, and everybody was bitching, I always took the time to look him up and say, 'Gee, what a wonderful opportunity you've given me.'

"But I want to tell you, my admiration for Bob Short never wavered, and if he fired me tomorrow I'd still say he was the smartest man I ever met. Bob Short in three years will know this game as well as anyone. Already he's one step ahead of everybody else, and he's just a spectator, really, just learning the game, but he's got that something that knows what's good and what's bad.

"The happiest thing I can think of right now is—two things. One, that I'm going to make a lot of money out of all this aggravation and, two, that Bob Short will realize a championship before he's through, because he will positively go bananas."

For Williams the safari was as good as over. He finally packed his gear and headed down to Kariba Lake to go after tigerfish, which he had heard much about and which he handled with consummate ease. But if the hunting closed on an anticlimax, it had been good, and already Williams was making plans for going back next year.

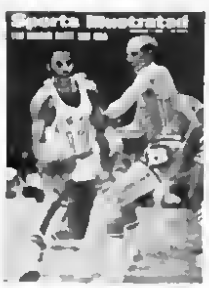
"You will have to come earlier," said Rohwer, "when the season is right—August or in September."

"No good," he was told. "That's the middle of the baseball season."

"Well, I'll tell you," said the American League Manager of the Year. "If I get a lot of aggravation, as I am sure to get, and if we're not doing well, which is a distinct possibility, I'll just quit and catch the first plane out. I'd rather hunt than fool around with baseball anyway."

But he smiled when he said it. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA Early in the week spirits were high in Milwaukee as Lew Alcindor led his team to a 115–113 victory over Los Angeles, with a career-high 46 points and two other scoring records Then the Bucks' five-game winning streak was cut and they lost ground in their struggle for the East lead with New York, which was undefeated for the week, when they were beaten in overtime by Chicago In the West, Atlanta dropped three straight games but was still leading by 6½ San Francisco's Nate Thurmond, the NBA's top rebounder suffered a torn knee cartilage that will keep him out for the rest of the season

ABA The Indiana Pacers, leading in the East with an impressive 32-8 record, lost the only game they played, 100–93, to the third-place Carolina Cougars, who enjoyed a 3-0 week Pittsburgh's new coach, Buddy Jeannette, got off on the wrong foot by losing his first four games, running the Piper streak to eight and putting the team in last place Both New Orleans and Denver were undefeated in the West but Denver continued its climb from last by taking second from Dallas, which had two losses

NBA—EAST New York (2-0) Milwaukee (2-1) Baltimore (2-1) Philadelphia (2-2) Cincinnati (1-3) Boston (2-1) Detroit (2-2) West Atlanta (1-3) Chicago (2-2) Los Angeles (1-1) San Francisco (1-2), Phoenix (2-2) San Diego (0-2) Seattle (3-1)

ABA—East Indiana (0-1) Kentucky (1-2), Carolina (3-0) New York (1-3) Miami (2-2) Pittsburgh (0-4) WEST New Orleans (2-0) Denver (2-0) Dallas (1-2) Washington (2-1), Los Angeles (2-1)

BOWLING—After nine years as a pro, ED BOURDASE of Fresno, Calif won his first PBA tournament with a 201–182 final-match victory over Johnny Petraglia of Brooklyn in the $50,000 Greater Los Angeles Open

BOXING—In a 10-round, nontitle fight at San Antonio, World Lightweight Champion MANDO RAMOS won a unanimous decision over Leonardo Aguero of Durango, Mexico

FOOTBALL—NFL The West beat the East in the Pro Bowl at Los Angeles when Roman Gabriel threw a 28-yard touchdown pass to Carroll Dale in the fourth quarter for a 16–13 victory

AFL The league went out of existence playing its All-Star Game in the Astrodome, a 26–3 rout of the East that was highlighted by the passing of West Quarterback John Hadl who earned the MVP award with 18 completions in 26 tries for 224 yards and a touchdown

GOLF DALE DOUGLASS shot a final-round 66 to edge defending champion Gene Littler 271–272 in the $100,000 Phoenix Open John Miller, the 22-year-old who joined the front-runners with a startling 10-under-par 61 on the third round finished in a tie for 10th

HOCKEY—NHL The fifth-place Chicago Black Hawks won all three of their games including a controversial 1–0 victory over second-place Boston, the first shutout the Bruins have suffered in 70 games on their home ice New York, still way ahead in first place, had two wins a tie and a loss, the last a 4–1 defeat by third-ranked Montreal, which remains only one point behind Boston There were no changes in the West standings, though Los Angeles, with four losses, took a firmer grip on last place

NHL East New York (2-1-1) Boston (2-1-0) Montreal (2-1-0) Detroit (1-0-0) Chicago (3-0-0) Toronto (1-2-0) West St Louis (2-1-0) Philadelphia (1-1-1) Minnesota (1-1-1) Pittsburgh (0-2-0) Oakland (1-2-1) Las Angeles (0-4-0)

HORSE RACING—MR BROGANN ($13 20), a one-eyed 5-year-old owned by Mrs John L Greer and ridden by Jacinto Vasquez, led from the start of the $68,300 Tropical Park Handicap and finished the nine furlongs five lengths ahead of Dorileo for his second consecutive win in this event.

In the six-furlong, opening-day feature at Hialeah, Wheatley Stable's KING EMPEROR ($6), the 2-to-1 favorite ridden by Carlos Marquez, came from behind to win the $30,650 Royal Poinciana Handicap by a neck over William S Farish III's Royal Comedian

MOTOR SPORTS Crashes and yellow flags slowed the winning pace to 96 711 mph as A J Foyt drove his 1970 Ford Torino to victory at the Riverside Motor Trend 500-mile race in Riverside, Calif

SKIING—The French continued to dominate World Cup competition as Ingrid Lafforgue won the women's slalom and Isabelle Mir, Florence Steurer, Michèle Jacot and Françoise Macchi swept the first four places in the downhill at the Silver Jug races in Bad Gastein, Austria Betsy Clifford of Canada was second in the slalom and Marilyn Cochran of Richmond, Vt finished fourth A few days later Steurer was second behind Austria's Annemarie Proell in the giant slalom at the warm-weather-plagued meet in Maribor, Yugoslavia Barbara Cochran, Marilyn's sister, was third and then scored a rare U S victory in the slalom, her first win in World Cup competition At the Lauberhorn races in Wengen, Switzerland, France's Patrick Russel, the men's World Cup point leader, was clocked in the winning time of 1 09 55 for two runs in the special slalom and was closely followed by Dumeng Giovanoli of Switzerland and Henri Bechu of France In Kitzbuhel, Austria at the Hahnenkamm, Giovanoli skied through fog and driving snow to take the men's giant slalom, but Russel came back in the following day's slalom to defeat Italian Gustavo Thoeni by half a second

SPEED SKATING—Three world marks were shattered at the U S S R men's and women's championships in Alma Ata BORIS GULYAYEV skated the 500 meters in 39 03 seconds, 06 seconds faster than the record set four days earlier by Valery Muratov, TATIANA SIDOROVA won the 500-meter women's race in 43 22 seconds; and NINA STATKEVICH broke the women's 1,500-meter mark with a clocking of 2 17 82

TRACK & FIELD—JOHN LAWSON representing the Pacific Coast Club ran the mile in 4 00 6 to defeat favored Kipchoge Keino of Kenya by a yard at the Sunkist Invitational indoor meet in Los Angeles (*page 10*)

WRESTLING—Iowa State's unbeaten 142-pounder, DAN GABLE, extended his winning streak through 162 matches at the Midlands tournament in La Grange, Ill Gable also won the award for the most falls in the least time by pinning all five of his foes, and for a record-breaking four consecutive years was the Outstanding Wrestler in a field of 426 contestants He also broke the all-time mark for consecutive pins, which had been held by Oklahoma's Dan Hodge, by extending his streak to 25

MILEPOSTS—NAMED By the American Football Coaches Association as 1969 major-college Coach of the Year, BO SCHEMBECHLER who in his first season as University of Michigan head coach, led his team to an 8-2 record then suffered a heart attack only a day before the Wolverines lost to USC 10–3 in the Rose Bowl LARRY NAVIAUX, who coached Boston University to a 9-1 regular-season mark, was named the small-college Coach of the Year.

NAMED As general manager and coach of the new Buffalo franchise in the expanded NHL, PUNCH IMLACH, the hot-tempered former coach of Toronto, who was fired last spring after he had led the Leafs to six playoff finals and four Stanley Cups Of his new appointment, Imlach said, "I'm glad to get back into hockey and start fighting everybody again Hockey is my life and I like it"

NAMED As athletic director of the U S Coast Guard Academy, OTTO GRAHAM successful Coast Guard football coach and athletic director from 1959 to 1965 who left New London to lead the NFL's Washington Redskins through three losing seasons "I don't anticipate leaving again," said Graham

NAMED As head football coach at Temple University, WAYNE HARDIN, who left his coaching job at Navy in 1965 after six years and a 38-22-2 record, one of the best in the Academy's history.

RESIGNED As coach of the ABA's Pittsburgh Pipers, JOHN CLARK, whose team, midway through the season, had a 14-25 record and was 18 games out of first place Clark was replaced by HARRY E (Buddy) JEANNETTE, the Pipers' director of operations and former coach of the NBA's Baltimore Bullets

DIED HOLLY MIMS, 40, former contender for the middleweight title, who fought more than 90 bouts against such opponents as Sugar Ray Robinson Joey Giardello, Emile Griffith and Jimmy Ellis, of a kidney ailment in his home town of Washington, D C.

DIED JOHNNY MURPHY, 61, general manager of the World Champion New York Mets, who began his major-league career in 1932 as a relief pitcher for the Yankees and compiled a 13-year record of 93 wins and 53 losses while helping the team win seven American League pennants and six world championships, of a heart attack in New York

CREDITS

14-17—Walter Iooss Jr , 18—Garry Cranham; 26—Wayne Wilson from Iavaron-Atlanta; 39—Borge B Andersen, 45—top, Mukyi 46, 47—Heinz Kluetmaier, 49—Virginia Krall, 61—Vanhuto Photo Service III

FACES IN THE CROWD



GREG PROCELL, 6' guard for the Ebrab (La.) Rebels, broke a state high school record by scoring 5,743 points in four years of competition Since his freshman year, Greg has not hit under 20 points per game and this season has a record-average 46.1.



STEVE ANNARUMMO, 13, quarterback for the Town and Country Warriors of Tampa, Fla., completed 36 of 68 passes for 720 yards, including 12 for touchdowns, gained 735 yards on 56 tries and kicked six PAT's as the Warriors compiled a 10-0 record.



TONY OUNGY, 14, student president of Frost Junior High in Jackson, Mich., threw 23 touchdown passes over the past three seasons, is high scorer in basketball for the third straight year and has never been defeated in high and low hurdles and long jump in track.



BILL WALTON, 6' 10½" senior at Helix High in La Mesa, Calif , was named MVP of the Covina Tournament after he scored a record 50 points and grabbed a record 34 rebounds as Helix defeated Pasadena High 110–68 for the title and its 31st straight win.



FRAN WECKER, a shoe merchant from Ogden, Utah on his first deep-sea fishing trip in Montego Bay, fought 10 hours before landing a 612-pound blue marlin, according to officials the largest blue marlin ever caught on rod and reel in Jamaican waters.



ERIC WINDERS, 17, a senior at Hudson (Ohio) High School, led his soccer team to a 14-0 season and the Northeastern Ohio League championship by scoring 30 of the team's 67 goals Hudson's 14 opponents were held to only seven during the entire season.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PARADISIACAL REVELATIONS

Sirs:

Your Jan. 12 article on Hawaii (*Go Back to a New Grass Shack*) warms me and at the same time stirs deep resentment. You put down the ravening tourist crowd, you scorn the oft-trod paths of the islands, then proceed to expose the existence of Hana Ranch and Kona Village.

It took me hours of research to discover and thousands of dollars to get to these two "hideaways" in recent years. Like Author Michener, who announced to the world the perfections of Hamoa Beach, you should have your typewriter taken away for this one. The swimwear revelations almost, but not quite, make up for your paradisiacal revelations.

RICHARD J. PATION

Olympia Fields, Ill.

Sirs:

Nothing like adding a little spice to the old magazine! I didn't read the article but I sure enjoyed the pictures. More!

SCUDDER GRAYAEAL

Alameda, Calif.

Sirs:

Congratulations on the article on swimsuit fashions. It was certainly welcome on these cold Wisconsin nights. Bravo! And more of the same.

RON RECK

Platteville, Wis.

Sirs:

In my opinion SI wasted 10 pages of an issue which could have contained more coverage of the bowl games. It was, all in all, a very disappointing issue.

WILLIAM H. MACINTOSH

Anaheim, Calif.

Sirs:

Please cancel my subscription *now*. I thought SI was a man's magazine of sport, not a woman's fashion magazine. By the way, I've been to Hawaii and I didn't see bathing suits like that.

M. FROOME GAYLE

Simi, Calif.

Sirs:

I would like to express my utter disgust for your article and photographs, *Sand, Surf, and New Swimwear*. They are most distasteful and unfit.

MRS. ROBBIE EMERSON

Bexar, Ala.

Sirs:

I love it when you publish articles that contain pictures of girls wearing revealing bathing suits, such as your recent article about Hawaii. Not that the articles and the pictures are that great, but I enjoy reading the letters that you publish two weeks later from overprotective mothers and repressive librarians who threaten to cancel their subscriptions because of the "obscene" pictures. Keep up the good work!

W. C. YOUNG

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Sirs:

In anticipation of any objections to the swimsuit pictures in the Jan. 12 issue, I offer my support to the girls. Two cheers.

WILLIAM Y. CARTER

New York City

ROSES FOR ROZELLE

Sirs:

Wham-bam, Hank Stram.
Foul ball, Tex Maule.

ROBERT WALKER

Johnson City, Tenn.

Sirs:

As an AFL fan since the league's inception, I can only say that all the roses must go to Pete Rozelle for absorbing the AFL before it absorbed him and all of professional football.

JOHN KELSO

San Angelo, Texas

ANOTHER CHANNEL

Sirs:

After having read the first two articles of your series on television's effect on sport (Dec. 22 *et seq.*), I'd say the insinuation that television is an ogre that will ultimately destroy sport is quite clear. You say that attendance drops, and eventual decline and fall of minor league baseball, small boxing clubs, etc., are directly attributable to television's encroachment. You also make note of the fact that the point has now been reached whereby commercial time outs are called for in plain view for all to see whenever the producer decides he needs one.

I feel that the television industry is being unjustly blamed for all of this, and here is why. No major league club owner or fight promoter has ever had his arm twisted to allow television coverage of his event. In fact, you must agree that the prime reason for the numerous franchise shifts and expansion moves has been the larger television market. (Ask the people in Milwaukee about that.) Trying to fill anywhere from 80 to 90 broadcast hours a week is an immense task. To fill those hours, television turned to sporting events. But, again, no owner or promoter was ever *forced* to allow his event to be televised. They were offered money, and they accepted. Television is a money-making business and has never tried to deny it. Can baseball say the same?

Concerning the number of time outs in a football game, the average game lasts 2½ hours, or about 150 minutes. Nineteen commercial minutes figure out to be approximately 12½% of the total broadcast time. Compare that to the percentage of advertising copy in your magazine.

Finally, how many people in their lifetime would ever see a World Series, a Kentucky Derby or an Olympics were it not for television? And *free*, yet. Ask the touring golf pros what the prize money would be. Ask the NFL club owners what their profit and loss sheets would be. Better yet, ask the AFL club owners where they would even *be*!

Why not put the blame where it solely belongs—on the shoulders of the club owners and officials? Give television the credit, for a change, for bringing the spectacle of sport to everyone. Give it credit for allowing the guy in Eddyville, Iowa to see the Super Bowl as well as the guy who can afford a plane trip to New Orleans and is fortunate enough to know someone who can get him a ticket. And don't forget the sponsor that shells out one hundred grand a minute to make it all possible.

LEONARD LEVIN
Executive Producer
WFIL-TV
Philadelphia

ADO ABOUT J.U.

Sirs:

I want to congratulate you on your fine article on the Jacksonville Dolphins (*Up, Up and Away Go Artis and New J.U.*, Jan. 5). There is only one point that needs clarifying. Jacksonville University has not just come out of junior college status. It became a university 14 years ago.

MAURICE FELDMAN
President 1968
Student Government
Washington

Sirs:

Mr. Jares wastes no time in his article in attacking the Bold New City of the South. He also makes note of the fact that "the St. Johns River is pretty but polluted." There is not a major river in the United States that is not polluted to some degree. He comments that "Singer Connie Haines comes from there (and has rarely gone back)." How relevant is this to an article about J. U. basketball? Besides, a great number of people seldom, if ever, return to their home towns. So what bearing does this have on a city's status? None, whatsoever. Mr. Jares

continued



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must have dug deep to find the things he wrote, when it would have been in better taste to compliment Jacksonville, rather than condemn it.

STEVE MATCHETT

Jacksonville

Sirs:

I am not a native Floridian so you can rest assured that this is not a true grit speaking, but I do feel that J U and the city of Jacksonville were not given a fair shake in your article. You failed to mention all of the improvements that have taken place here in the past decade. Jacksonville has become one of the finest ports in the entire Southeast. Our Gator Bowl is becoming a fine sport complex. And Jacksonville is the insurance center of the South.

As for our "transformed junior college"—it, too, is a well-defined center of education. So good that it has attracted many students from the North, who seem to enjoy the pleasure of Florida living. The Dolphins have come a long way since their inception, and we all feel that they deserve all of the credit and support that the people of Jacksonville are giving them!

MRS JOSEPH SHEIL

Jacksonville

ALL-STAR HIGH SCHOOL

Sirs:

I couldn't help but write when the All-NFL All-Star list was published with Roman Gabriel and Sonny Jurgensen as the top quarterbacks in the league (*A Game Within a Game*, Dec. 22). I just wanted to boast that these two greats graduated from the same high school and that both were coached by the same great coach, Leon Brogden.

New Hanover High School of Wilmington, N.C. is the only high school in the nation to claim two starting quarterbacks in the current ranks of professional football and is indeed proud of these great alumni.

JAN DAVIS

Wilmington, N.C.

SUPER CIRCLE

Sirs:

The Dec. 22 issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED carried the pictorial story of new stadiums (*The Snorting Sixties as Sculptured in Concrete*). But your caption, "San Diego Stadium ($27.5 million) was constructed primarily with football in mind, and baseball attendance suggests the priority was correct," indicates a lack of knowledge and research of this and other stadiums recently constructed.

As is the case with all multipurpose stadiums, a compromise must be made in order to provide for football and baseball. There can be no disagreement with the fact that Anaheim, Candlestick Park and Dodger Stadium are designed for baseball (football rarely being played in any of them). San Diego Stadium, however, is a 50-50 compromise, and the lack of Padre baseball attendance is due to a weak expansion team, whereas the football team has developed into an exciting contender. Padre attendance will increase when the quality of events increases.

San Diego's "super circle" shape provides more seating closer to the action than any other multipurpose stadium that has been built in a circular form similar to Atlanta, which the article stated "leaves fans quite far away." Other stadiums do provide movable stands, which permit a small number of fans to be close to the action.

Incidentally, the actual construction cost of the San Diego Stadium was $16.5 million, and it received a national AIA design honor award (first for a major stadium), indicating not only its functional excellence but its esthetic magnificence as well.

ERNEST R. LORD, AIA
Director of Production
Frank L. Hope & Associates
Architects and Engineers

San Diego

THE WIFE AND KIDS

Sirs:

I feel compelled to write to you to tell you that, although I've been married only three months, I have serious competition—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Upon its arrival I moan, knowing full well that it will be impossible to even *try* to communicate with my husband for the following three days or until he has read it from cover to cover, no matter *how long* it takes.

I've tried hiding it, destroying it, throwing it away and throwing tantrums, but nothing works. If he can't find it he simply buys another copy. Would it be possible to publish monthly? Weekly is too much for me to bear. Unfortunately he just renewed his subscription for two more years. HELP!

MAURA JONES

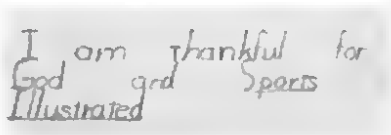
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Sirs:

During the recent holiday season a group of second-graders in the Laboratory School of Kansas State Teachers College were writing statements indicating what they were personally thankful for. I thought perhaps you might be interested in the enclosed statement (*below*).

ARTHUR D. BRILL
Director

Emporia, Kans.



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